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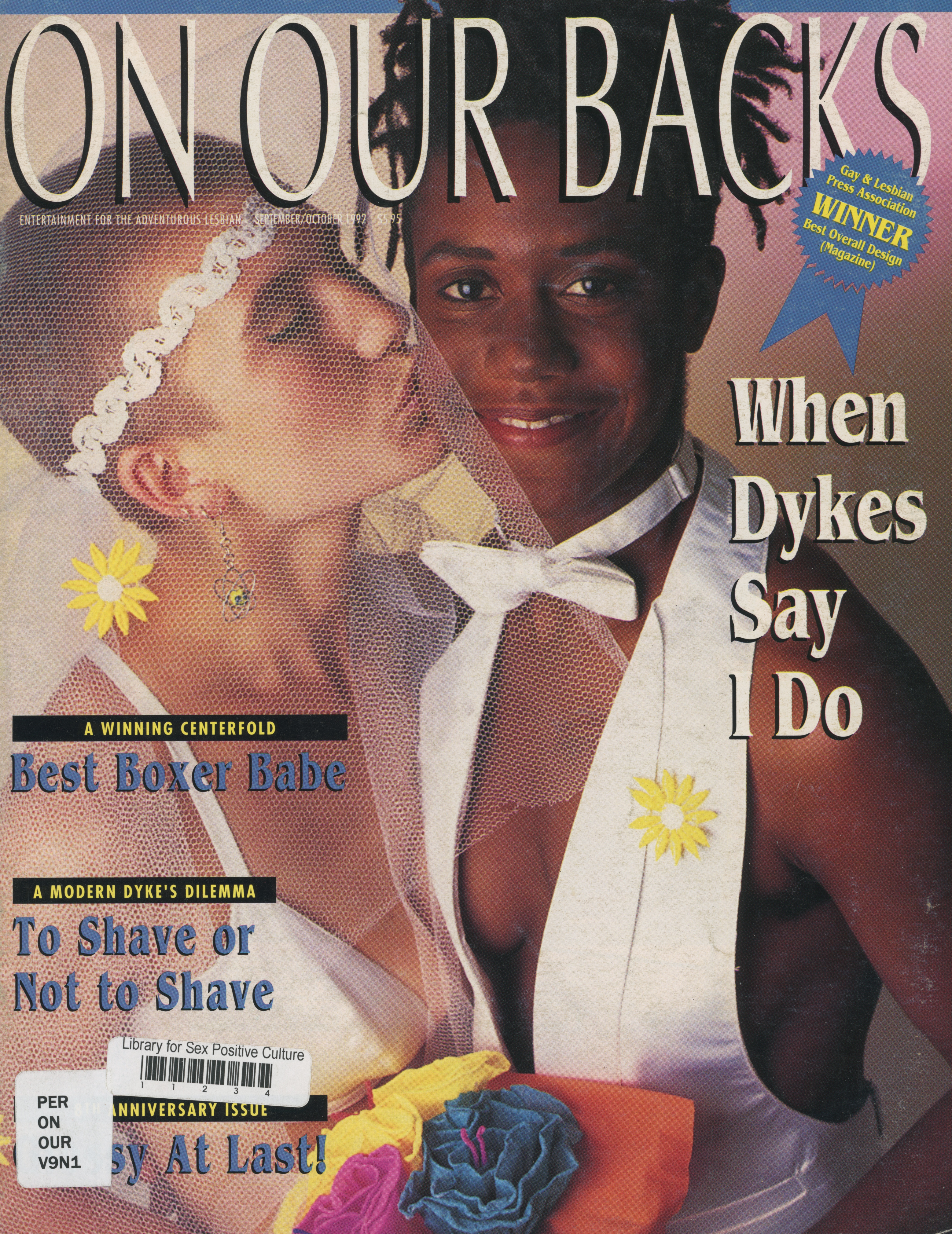

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Photography by Phyllis Christopher

FATALE

Dear Friend:

Fatale Video started lesbian erotic videos because we wanted rarely-seen lesbian sexual images celebrated and visible. Our goal is to convey real-life lesbian sex which lesbians can appreciate and relate to. Lesbians are on the vanguard of sexual expression, and *Fatale* gives voice to the many types, characters, fantasies, and sex techniques that make up the vast range of lesbian love.

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Debi

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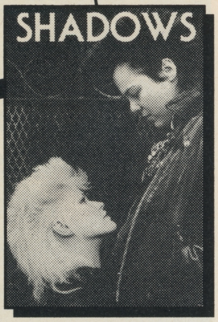

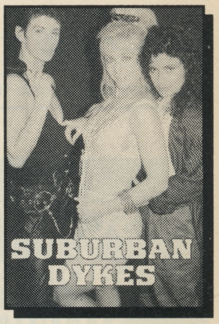

SHADOWS Terri and Caerage appear again as a lesbian couple who let us in on their leather scene. After a motorcycle ride, femme Caerage leads butch Terri down to a basement resplendent in restraining paraphernalia. Hours of sucking, fucking, whipping, riding, and performing end in a blow out orgasm in a sling.

HUNGRY HEARTS Pepper and Reeva star as a newly-in-love couple who escape to an ocean beach retreat for a weekend of blissful sex and love. Reeva, a voluptuous blonde goddess, seduces her sensual Latina lover with a sultry erotic dance. Pepper, overcome with deep love and desire, orchestrates a beautiful and unusual bondage scene in the Japanese hot tub. A day of ardent loving culminates in a passionate scene by the fireplace. Reeva straps on her dildo and harness and gives Pepper a taste of her own fire.

PRIVATE PLEASURES Few couples are as knock-out, drop-dead gorgeous as handsome, brunette Terri and blonde, femme bombshell Caerage. Even fewer couples know each other so completely, desire each other so thoroughly and are so sexually comfortable. In a ritzy penthouse apartment they dress up for each other's pleasure, then pop the champagne, lick off the whip cream and end up down on the floor in a fucking scene that will astonish you.

CLIPS Greta stars in the first of three vignettes in a computer-enhanced version of self-love indulgence. The second vignette features safe sex play and bondage with scarves between a free-spirited couple. In the last vignette, Fanny Fatale gets the attention of her Wall Street reading yuppie butch spouse, played by Kenni Mann, when she masturbates in front of the TV to a screaming G-spot ejaculation. Kenni finally puts her beer down and lets her dyke-cock out for a wild rise.

SUBURBAN DYKES Pepper and Nina Hartley star as a suburban couple who discover the fun of using sexual services and add some playfulness to their sex life. First they call a phone sex service and masturbate to a scintillating fantasy by Mistress Marlayna and learn something new about each other's desire. Pleased and excited with the success from that adventure, they hire a butch from a lesbian escort service. Enter Sharon Mitchell who will make dyke hearts palpitate as she takes control of satisfying both women in a raw threesome orgy.

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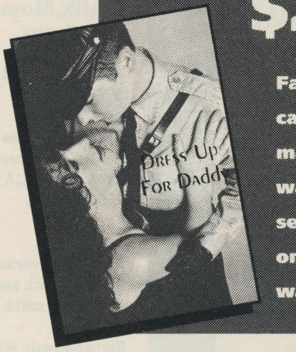
Lesbian Amateur Videos $29.95 ea.

Fatale started an amateur line called Dykestyles, because so many real life lesbian couples wanted to enact their private sexual fantasies and activities on camera for other dykes to watch and enjoy.



DRESS UP FOR DADDY These real-life lesbian lovers enact the forbidden "Daddy" fantasy. They use dress up and role play to express their sexual feelings for each other. The action is realistic, romantic, and bursting with sexual energy. This video captures two truly gifted sexual beings enjoying what comes so naturally to them. Their luscious sensuality will leave you dripping.

BATHROOM SLUTS features a group of five lesbians who engage in group sex, bondage, shaving, various forms of penetration and a rare glimpse of a dominant butch getting off without giving up her control. They play hard and safe.In an interview at the end, the women discuss their motives and feelings about doing the video.

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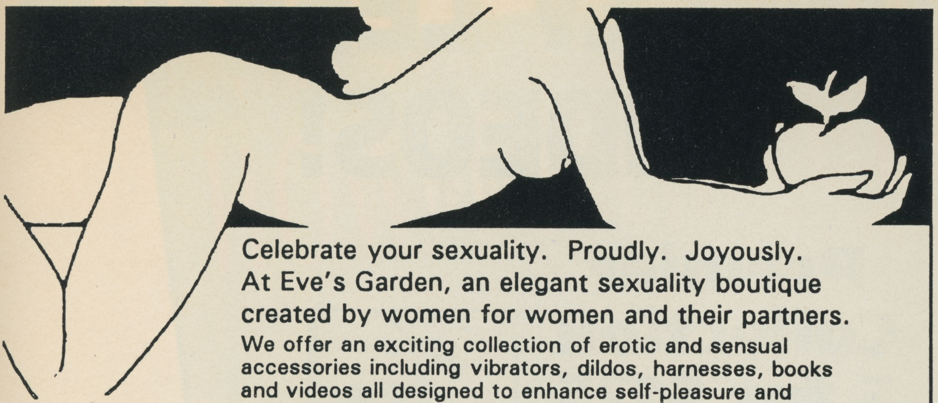

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ON OUR BACKS

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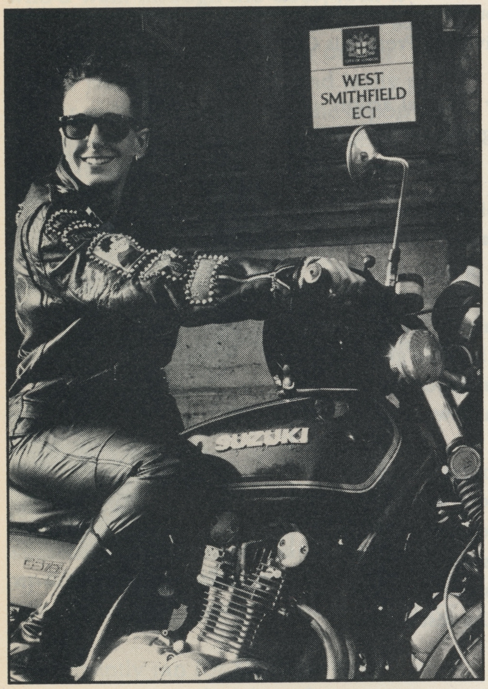

Black Widows, page 16

cover
Our blushing brides, Marilyn & Jessica. Photographed by Phyllis Christopher.
Tuxedos by La Rosa.
Bridal attire by Backseat Betty.
Make up artist: Stephanie Rosenbaum.
Stylist: SHAR

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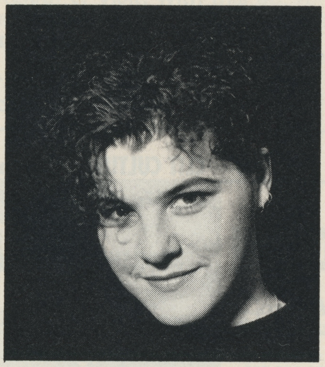
CONTRIBUTORS

K.C. Blake is a 40-year-old horticulturist with literary tendencies but little ambition.

Lindsay Welsh couldn't act, dance, or sing—so she bought a typewriter and hopes to write her way to fame and fortune.

Laurence is a London-based photographer and frequent contributor to *On Our Backs.*

K.C. Blake

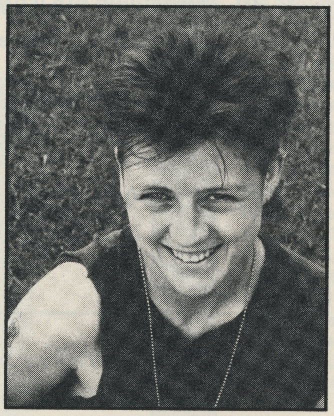


Laurence

Carol A. Queen has written about S/M for *Taste of Latex* and the forthcoming anthology *The Erotic Impulse.* She identifies as a femme bottom with switch rising—and her heart definitely belongs to Daddy.

Suzanne Sherman is an Oakland-based writer. Her book *Lesbian and Gay Marriage: Private Commitments, Public Ceremonies,* a collection of interviews with couples who've married and couples opposed to marriage, will be published by Temple University Press this October.

Annie Sprinkle is planting the seeds for a new political action group: PFSSP—Pornographers For Safe Sex Pornography. She says it will be very sexy. Somehow, we believe her.



Jennifer Gillmor

Jennifer Gillmor is a 26-year-old Anarcho-Dyke who plays bass guitar in The Matriphiles, featured in this year's Toronto Pride Day festivities. She is also a graphic artist at *Xtra!*, Toronto's Gay and Lesbian bi-weekly.

Judith Halberstam is adorable—take our word for it. Perhaps one day we'll run her photo, snapped by Lisa Platt, and share her good looks with the rest of you.

Suzanne Sherman

Mimi=Freed

Stephanie Rosenbaum (makeup artist for our cover) loves powdering pretty girls and believes lipstick is a sex toy.

Mimi=Freed is a writer/performer living in San Francisco for the past three years and loving it. She's a proud-to-be-loud bisexual queerdo and loves to argue under the guise of debate. Please pick a fight with her.

Butch and Grind . . . . .

Thanks to Fanny Fatale for her fun and informative how-to guide on stripping for your lover. And thanks also to Pat Califia for "Cherchez la Femme" about the inequalities of "traditional" butch/femme behavior. One important point: whether you identify as butch, femme, or neither, you don't have to strip like a classic femme in the lingerie/bump-and-grind school to pull off a fabulous steamy tease. Speaking as a femme slut who spends most of her time chasing butch dick, I think the world would be a much better place if butches got more encouragement to strip—and strip butch. I mean, really, we femmes deserve our turn as the audience—and you butches deserve your turn on stage.

Don't tell me you can't figure out how to strip butch, either. I had one trick who'd walk through the door, lock it behind her, stop, then tilt her head back a little, slide open the zipper on her leather jacket, shrug it off, and lazily peel off her gloves. One by one she'd pop the buttons on her 501s and adjust her strap-on. By the time she got her tank top off I'd barely be able to breathe, and I'd be so wet I'd stick to my chair. Hot? Oooooh yes. Butch as all fuck? You bet.

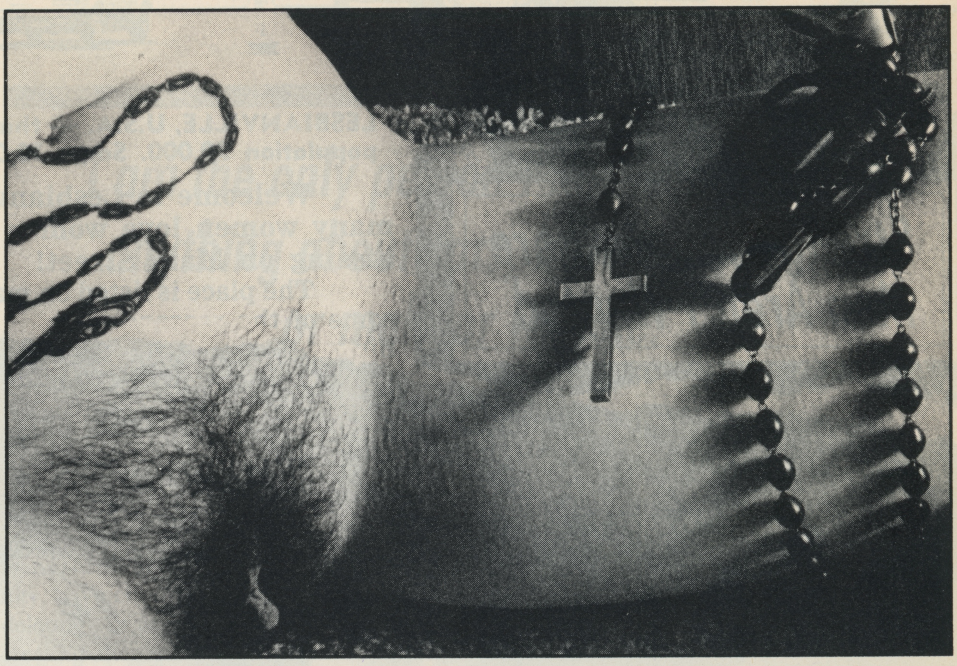
If she could do it, you can too.

Nicola Grace
San Francisco

Another Femme For Pat . . .

I loved that article "Cherchez La Femme." Pat Califia has it right on the nose. I am a femme, an exotic dancer, and single parent who has lived most of my life doing everything alone and on my own. When I've needed help I've paid for it.

I recently ran for Ms. Gay Washington (the only woman, butch or femme, to run), and when I had my "interview" I told the panel of judges, "I am more butch than most butches could ever hope to be." As I sat there in a red leather business suit with matching hat and gloves and five-inch stiletto heels, I meant it. Thanks, Pat, for letting the butches in on a seemingly big secret. It all rang true—from the way we fight to why we're beginning to choose one another as lovers.



TREYCE CILONA

I love being a woman and I love other women. Please don't let us forget that role play is just that—play.

Beth Ragsdale
Honolulu, HI

Femme Into The Future...Please!

I know I drank a lot of pink champagne, but last New Year's Eve *did* bring us into 1992, right? After reading Pat Califia's "Cherchez La Femme" I checked the calender because I thought "This has to be about the 50s...or 60s...or 70s?" Or at least before I was out and about as an 80s/90s femme. Give me a break, Pat. I know you've been around but get on around to this decade! No, I never have seen "a group of butches conferring over the open hood of a dead car while their long-haired girlfriends discuss their cute little butts over glasses of iced tea." I am the only person I know that knows anything about cars, butch or femme or male or female. I never see butches huddling together over anything except maybe a pool table. Most of my butch girlfriends over the past few years have had long hair; mine is short.

Some of your column rang true and was very humorous—like pointing out the differences that "make a man look and a butch roll up her sleeves." But the need to explain to other butches that femmes aren't "lazy or incompetent" is out-of-date. As a matter of fact, have butches ever thought that? Maybe other readers can clue me in. Right now I'm going to lie back and let my woman fuck me into high heaven while I hold on to her long tresses.

Cammie Merrell
Terre Haute, IN

I've Fallen and I Can't Get Up

I want to thank whoever printed Ellen Evans' picture in the May/June issue of *On Our Backs* ("Rebel Without A Role Model"). Her energy and aura set the page on fire. I have never seen Ellen before, and have never been so attracted to a photo in my life. There is something very unique about her. I have never experienced such lust and curiosity. Thank you for bringing this side of me out. I am moved too deeply for words.

I'm not a weird whacked-out woman looking for someone to chase down; I just wanted Ellen to know that I think she is wonderful. I would love to have an 8x10 poster of this dream machine. Kiss kiss.

Kelly Cain
Boulevard, CA

LESBIANVILLE, U.S.A. — that's what they're calling Northampton, Mass., population 30,000. Some 10,000 gay women live in the area.

Welcome to Lesbianville, U.S.A. — a bizarre town where s many women love women you can even find them cuddling an kissing on Main Street!

The place is listed on maps as Northampton, Mass. but h some of th

Strange Town Where Men Aren't Wanted

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—the girls of Northhampton

Photography by Phyllis Christopher

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"I am the only person I know that knows anything about cars, butch or femme or male or female."

BEDROOM THOUGHTS . . . .

On Our Backs is a fun thing, but my lover and I are both glad to get off the butch/femme treadmill. Scene-playing is fun, but posturing sucks. Long hair is a pain—it's been a decade since I had any. My lover likes it, though—I guess it's a femme thing. But which one of us is the femme? Let's see, it's Tuesday, so it's my turn to break out the *Foreplay* and silk scarves.

And here's another question for Miss Manners/Pat Califia to address: is someone bisexual because of her past, or only if she's still behaving that way? And does anyone give a shit what someone else decides?

How "Sweet Loraine" (May/June) can get any use out of those double-headed things is beyond me. Maybe it's all in muscle control. By the way, she mentioned she only had two hands. Ever meet a gal you were sure must have had another pair hidden away once she got you in a dark room? Now there's a pleasant thought to take to bed tonight.

R. Schuyltz
Wyoming, MI

WITCHES ARE SEXY. . . . .

Brandy Stuart needs to lighten up. I'm a witch too, and I thought Annie Sprinkle's "Sex Magic" pictorial (Nov/Dec 91) was wonderful, pointy hats and all. There are many different paths, traditions, and attitudes within the Wiccan community, and just because someone practices a different one doesn't mean they need to be lectured by their priestess.

Sex has always been a part of witchcraft. Many of the rituals practiced by traditional, mixed-gender covens are laden with sexual symbolism. Actual sex in ritual is somewhat rarer, but it is practiced at least some of the time. Lesbian and gay witches face a challenge in that much of the sexual imagery and practice of traditional witchcraft is heterosexually oriented. Unfortunately, many, especially in the feminist community, have chosen to deal with this by deleting sex altogether, rather than by creating alternative rituals.

Witchcraft is about the powers of the earth, nature, and the body. We venerate all that patriarchal religion considers unholy, low or "dark"—mystery, ecstasy, instinct, the unconscious, sexuality, femininity, and wildness—as did our pagan ancestors. Just listen to these words from *The Charge of the Goddess*, one of the few pieces of writing that cuts across almost all Wiccan traditions: "As a sign that ye be really free, ye shall be naked in your rites; and ye shall dance, sing, feast, make music and love, all in My praise ... for behold, all acts of love and pleasure are My rituals."

Lynna Landstreet
Toronto, Ontario

FANNY FANTASIES . . . . .

"How to Strip For Your Lover" was absolutely great! When Fanny wrote about bumping and grinding on her hands and knees, her derriere completely bare-assed, I could visualize her performing, teasing her lesbian lover into sex acts. Oh Fanny's arse! I love her.

Also, I love the photo of Starlene with a strap-on lesbian cock, with two women observing. I wish I could see a tape of Starlene and Fanny. Ahhh!

A. Farrell.
Las Vegas, NV

OLDER WOMEN WANTED . . .

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J.P. Smith
Albany, NY

Coming Soon To A Theater Near You.
—Photography Editor

BEGGING FOR BIKERS . . .

I'm addicted to *On Our Backs*. Any chance of going monthly? By the by, I'd love to see a spread on leather biker dykes, or maybe a feature article about Pat Califia.

Scorpio Butch
Los Angeles, CA

Lately we seem to anticipate our readers' desires before they express them. Are we all becoming one mind, or what? See page 16 for our biker spread—Ed.

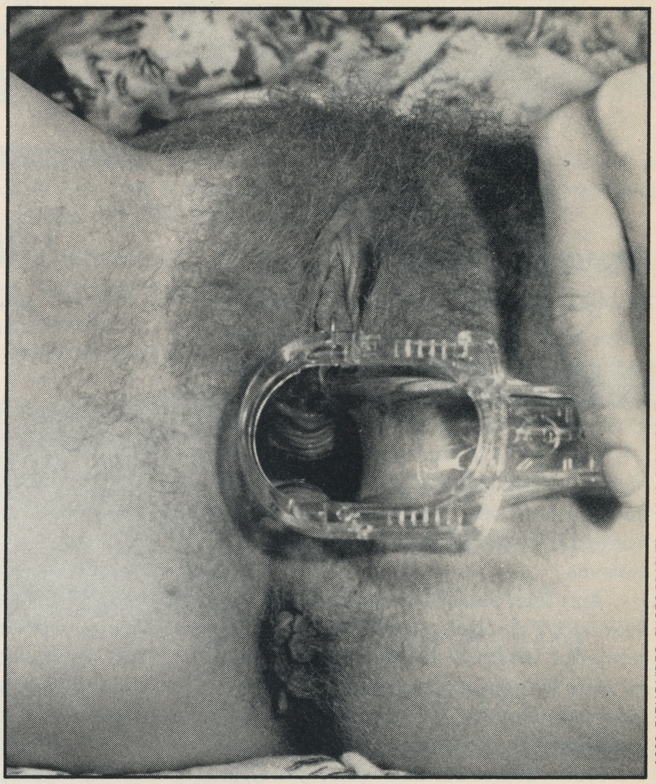
PROGRESS IS OUR PRIDE . . .

Thank you for your publication. Having been out for 20 years, it is a pleasure to finally realize that a lot of progress is being made to deal with today's issues.

Karen Ken
San Francisco, CA

Letters should be sent to Letters Editor, On Our Backs, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Every letter must be accompanied by the sender's name and address and should be printed or typed. Letters may be shortened or edited for clarity.

This is What Fanny's G-Spot Looks Like!



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By now I'm sure all you loyal sexphisticates have seen my new video, *How to Female Ejaculate.* I have more to say about female ejaculation than an instructional tape could accommodate, however, and that is some pure, old-fashioned, feminist *raging.* Feminist rage being currently back in vogue, I intend to join the chorus and raise the decibels to ear-splitting level.

Make no mistake about it: Woman's clitoris, like woman's role, has been expanded and redefined.

While writing the script for *How To Female Ejaculate*, I found myself becoming increasingly agitated, but the reason for this eluded me. Enlightenment finally came from none other than Gloria Steinem, who writes in her new book, *Revolution From Within,* about being evicted from a hotel lobby for loitering: hotel management assumed that, as a female alone in a hotel, she was a hooker, when actually she was waiting for an interview subject to arrive. She left without protest and conducted the interview elsewhere, but later she had unusual difficulty writing her article. Steinem soon realized this was because she was angry at having been demeaned and harassed for stepping beyond the narrow confines of a woman's role—which did not, in the early '60's, include journalism. By accepting the offensive treatment without confrontation, she had, in effect, silenced her writing voice.

I threw the book down in anger as I recognized that these same misogynist attitudes were the reason that knowledge about the G-spot and female ejaculation is shrouded in secrecy and disbelief. Our sex organ, like our prescribed role, has been too narrowly defined. My research had revealed radically expanded definitions of the clitoris, and I was afraid of the resistance that this new view of a woman's sex organ was certain to encounter. Yet, through countless testimonies gathered from women during years of research and education in the field of female sexuality, I have witnessed first-hand the way our unquestioning acceptance of conventional beliefs about our physiology and abilities—like the beliefs that caused a hotel clerk to banish Steinem for treading on ground off-limits to women—have diminished our sexual voices and debilitated our sexual capabilities. Once I recognized the source of my agitation, I was able to turn my fear into anger and my anger into constructive action.

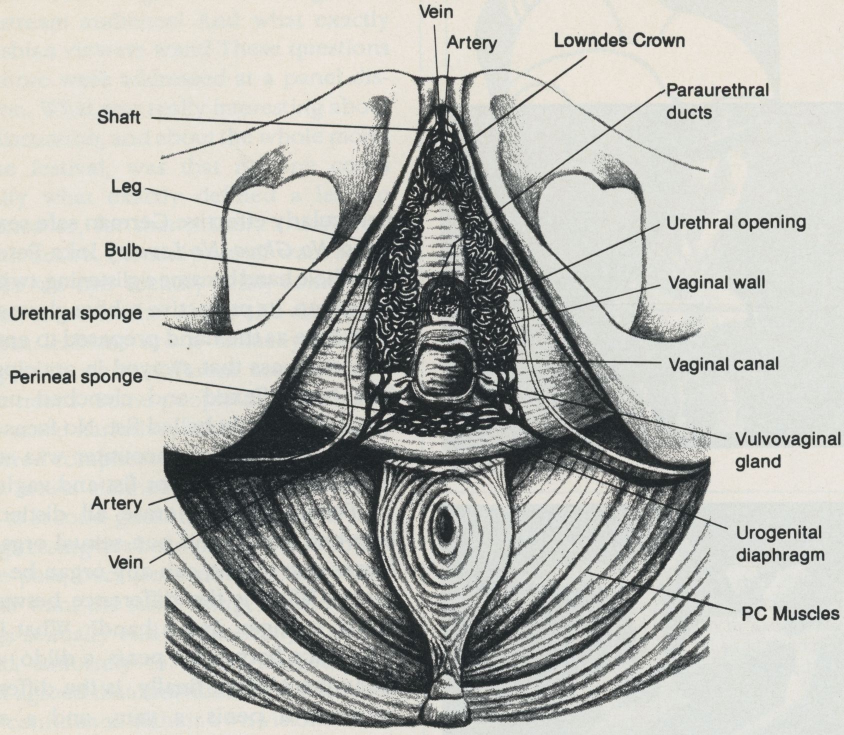
The above photograph is, I believe, the first documented photo of a woman's G-spot. Ironically, our G-spot has been covered up by the speculum in the gynecologist's office or in our feminist health self-help groups. All I did, when writing the script for the video, was turn the speculum sideways in a determined effort to reveal this elusive mystery spot that so many women, including until recently myself, say they cannot find. There she has been, right in front of us all this time, as big as life itself!

This picture of the G-spot dramatically reveals the "missing piece" that has prevented us from perceiving and experiencing our clitoris as a large and fully integrated sex organ. The familiar little nub we fondly think of as the clitoris is actually just the tip of the iceberg. Our clitoris is an extensive and complex sex organ that resides primarily inside our bodies. (See diagrams opposite.)

The Federation of Feminist Woman's Health Care Centers, while researching their book *A New View of a Woman's Body,* recounts that they found *empty spaces* for women's genitalia in both American and European medical anatomical textbooks. Where a man's penis and surrounding area had been thoroughly documented, a woman's had been *left blank.* The misogynist attitudes of a male-dominated medical profession had seen fit only to document the anatomy that best served their idea of woman—her reproductive and sexual service paraphernalia—and to ignore the organ that determines her own complete and independent sexual identity and response.

(continued on page 44)

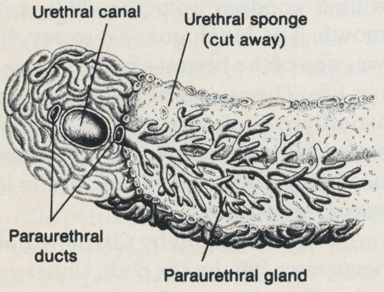
The Erectile Tissue of the Clitoris



These charts illustrate the "new view" of our clitoris. The Lowndes Crown which used to be thought of as the entire clitoris, is actually just a small portion of it. The clitoral organ also includes: the legs, which run internally from the Lowndes Crown down each side of our vulva past our vagina; the glans, the "head" of which is located on the outside of our vulva; the urethra, located at the center of the glans; the G-spot, which is the "body" of the glans and has been renamed the urethral sponge; the bulb, which is located beneath the outer vulva and runs its length; and the perineal sponge, which sits between the vagina and anus.

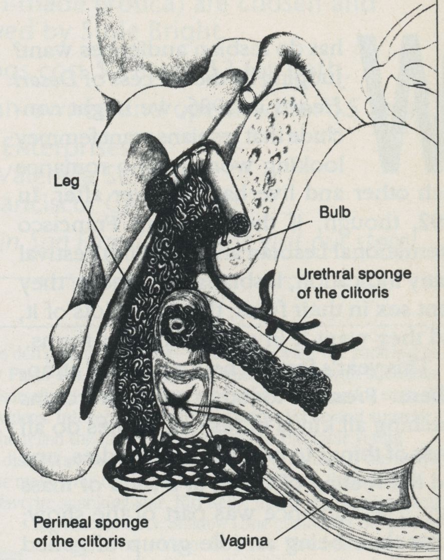
The urethral sponge encircles our urethra, and houses the paraurethral glands that produce the ejaculate fluid. Researchers have hypothesized that these glands are analagous to the prostate gland in the male (which produces ejaculatory fluid—the testicles make the sperm), but no research study has been done on the paraurethral glands. Female ejaculatory fluid is secreted via up to 32 tiny ducts that run along the floor of our urethra. The ejaculatory fluid has been scientifically tested and its chemical make-up is different from urine. Our clitoris is made up of erectile tissue, which enlarges with blood and becomes firm when stimulated. The "tip" of our clitoris, renamed by Harvard psychologist, Beverly Lowndes-Sevely, as the Lowndes Crown, actually gets erect when stimulated.

The Gland That Makes the Ejaculate Fluid



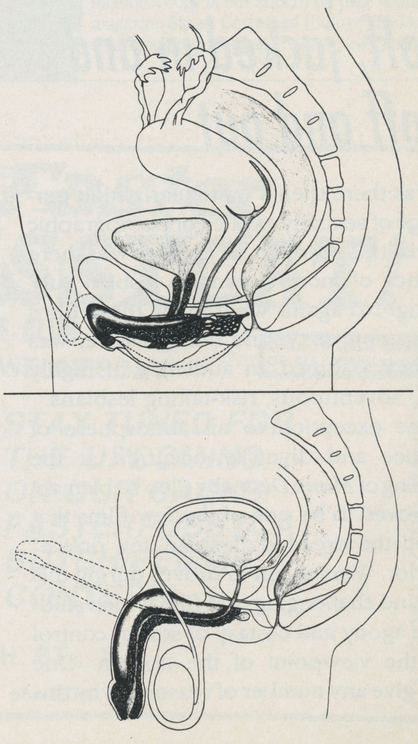
The Urethral Sponge of the Clitoris

This view of the clitoris shows the urethral sponge, which surrounds and protects the urethra. This spongy body fills with blood during sexual arousal.



The Clitoris Compared to the Penis

The dotted lines show the position when erectile tissues are filled with blood.



Illustrations by Suzann Gage, R.N. From the book *A New View of a Woman's Body* by The Federation of Feminist Women's Health Centers. Published by Feminist Health Press, W. Hollywood, CA, 1991.

VIDEO RAGE . . .

What do lesbian audiences want? Judging by the success of *Desert Hearts* in 1986, we might conclude that lesbians want femmey looking women who romance each other and live happily ever after. In 1992, though, if the 16th San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival is any indication, lesbians want more: they want sex in their films, they want lots of it, and they want it in many different forms.

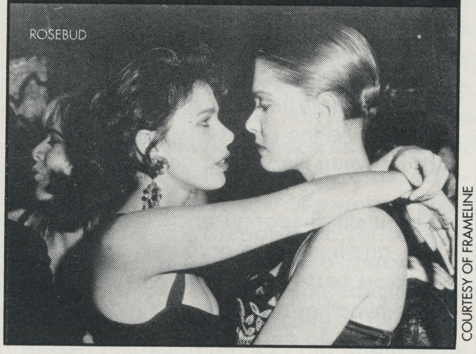
This year's festival held a carnival atmosphere. Pressed together in dark rooms watching all kinds of lesbian bodies do all kinds of things to other lesbian bodies, one had the feeling of being at a kind of mass orgy. The audience was part of the show; rather than being an idle group of zoned out spectators, they were constantly caught looking, enjoying, identifying, and getting off on an astounding array of new lesbian cinema.

Body parts were snapped on, sucked off, jacked in and off and out

Was there then a particularly high percentage of sexually explicit or pornographic material this year? No, not really. Was there evidence of more expansive lesbian subplotting? No again. What made these films so engaging, sexy, and transgressive, was that they assumed an audience of highly sexed, adventurous, risk-taking lesbians.

One exception to an atmosphere of tolerance and diversity occurred at the screening of *Mano Destra* by Cleo Uebleman; this proved to be one of the few films that elicited the dreaded "lesbian sex police" behavior. Women left in droves during this tense and challenging S/M film which studies the agony and ecstasy of sexual control from the viewpoint of the bottom. One could give any number of reasons why this

Mano Destra



COURTESY OF FRAMELINE

From " Sex, Lesbians and Videotape"

film in particular tested and uncovered new taboos, but what's important is that the film was shown, that some people stayed to watch it, and, since there was a great deal of discussion later about audience response, maybe next year another film like it will play to a more responsive audience.

One recurring theme that emerged from the festival was fetishism. Fetishes, indeed, seem to be in! In one program, "Sex, Lesbians, and Videotape," body parts became detachable: they were snapped on, sucked off, jacked in and off and out. In a particularly effective German safe sex tape titled *No Glove, No Love* by Inka Peterson, the whole hand became a glistening, twitching sex organ. Its protective rubber glove shone with lube as the hand prepared to enter an expectant ass that swayed in anticipation. The hand flexed and clenched until it became a tightly balled fist. No faces were shown; this sexual encounter was strictly between fist and ass or fist and vagina.

Fetishizing can erase all distinctions between sexual and non-sexual organs. It forces one to ask, can any organ be a sex organ? What is the difference between a penis, a finger, and a hand? What is the difference between a penis, a dildo, and a cucumber? What, finally, is the difference between a penis, a yam, and a sweet potato?

What's the Difference Between a Yam and a Sweet Potato? is indeed the unlikely title of a video by J. Evan Dunlap and Adrienne Jenike. This tape explored interracial desire by depicting the ways in which ethnic and sexual differences interact. The plot focuses on a series of recipes for cooking yams and sweet potatoes. The kitchen heats up as the cooks get in on the action.

For those who like their penile objects to be inorganic, however, *Stafford's Story* by Susan Muska is a quick glance at the lesbian sex club scene. A butch dyke in tie and jacket tells about a hot moment in the club. She recalls pulling out her lesbian cock; in a flashback to the scene of the crime, we watch as her anonymous partner rolls a condom onto the dildo with her mouth. The butch goes on to say that this was one of the hottest sexual encounters of her life. The audience responded enthusiastically to this fantasy, which indicates that sex clubs and anonymous encounters are becoming an accepted part of the lesbian sexual landscape.

Perilous Liaisons by Charlene Boudeau never even left the sex club. Under a strobe light effect, figures flashed in and out of visibility. This film provided tantalizing glimpses of intricate sex scenes; it glanced at a few choice body parts and wove a

JUDITH HALBERSTAM

chain of provocative images of arousal and seduction.

What trends, then, might be identified in lesbian film and video? What kind of lesbian feature might break through to a mainstream audience? And what exactly do lesbian viewers want? These questions and more were addressed at a panel discussion. What was really interesting about this discussion, and about the whole mood of the festival, was that no one could identify what exactly defined a lesbian audience or, for that matter, a universal lesbian desire. Certainly we all want some images we can identify with, some that turn us on, some that anger and challenge us—but lesbians are a sexually diverse group with many different aesthetic and erotic needs. Some people thought lesbians wanted narrative, others thought they preferred complicated avant-garde pieces. Some artists claimed they didn't want to have to second-guess their audiences: second-guessing has been part of the problem in the past, because it assumes that lesbians all want the same thing, do the same things sexually and romantically, and respond uniformly to visual images. The panel agreed that individual lesbians must have confidence in their own visions, their own ways of seeing.

One might ask why a similar discussion did not take place about what gay male audiences want. Given the current trend among many gay writers and activists to identify homophobia in Hollywood, one would assume that gay men want "positive" images of themselves on film. It was therefore surprising that one of the highlights of the gay men's program was *Swoon* by Tom Kalin. *Swoon* is a retelling of the infamous story of Nathan Leopold, Jr. and Richard Loeb, law students who, in 1942, allegedly kidnapped and killed a young boy in order to prove that they could enact the perfect crime. Previous film versions of this story include Alfred Hitchcock's *Rope* and Richard Fleisher's *Compulsion*.

While *Swoon* is a gorgeous piece of film making, its subject forms a rather repulsive focus, not simply because it visualizes gay male violence, but because it aestheticizes it: the film makes violence beautiful, sexy, and almost glorious. I personally think there is a huge difference between the depiction of violent lesbians killing male patriarchs and male patriarchs killing young boys. I wonder if gay male journalists will see *Swoon* as the new wave of gay film or as evidence of internalized homophobia? The huge audience at the Castro, by the way, loved it.

(continued on page 44)

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Censorship Update

by Marcy Sheiner

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble & to petition the Government for a redress of grievances. —The First Amendment

Queers Who Censor

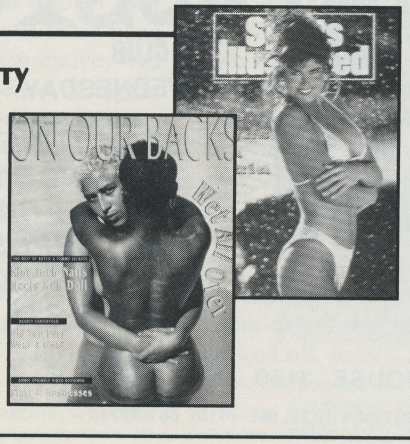
Anne-Imelda Radice, the new head of the **National Endowment for the Arts** has, despite her own reputed queerness—she's been outed as a lesbian by **Queer Nation**—wasted no time cracking down on freedom of expression. Radice's first action as director was to override the recommendations of the agency's advisory panel and veto two grants for exhibits whose sexual content is "the only thing that leaps out at you." Neither exhibit was sexual in nature, but both included photos of genitalia. In a dramatic and meaningful gesture, gay New York playwright **Jon Robin Baitz** accepted a $15,000 grant from the agency, then turned around and donated that amount to the censored exhibits. To do this, Baitz had to be sure that technically the money came out of his own funds, but he sent a letter to the NEA informing them of his action and the reason behind it. While Radice insists she is not a censor, not everyone is convinced—two NEA peer review panelists quit, and composer **Stephen Sondheim** rejected the NEA's prestigious National Medal of Arts award, saying that the NEA "is rapidly being transformed into a conduit and a symbol of censorship and repression." Radice's response? "It's a free country," she said blithely.

Meanwhile, in the Courts...

A federal judge in Los Angeles recently ruled that the so-called decency standard adopted by the **NEA** is unconstitutional. The decision, which held that the decency clause violates the first amendment of free speech, came as part of the case of the **"NEA 4,"** a group of artists denied funding by the agency under the clause. Three of the four artists are gay; all hailed the decision as a victory.

Poolside Propriety

The bookstore manager at the University of Dayton, Ohio has refused to sell the "swimsuit" issue of ***Sports Illustrated***, claiming the magazine is "soft pornography." We're tempted to mail her the last issue of ***On Our Backs*** so she can see what the well-dressed lesbian wears around the swimming pool.



Just Because You're Paranoid Doesn't Mean They're Not After You

Less than a year ago we reported in this column that a county in **California** passed an ordinance requiring businesses to keep "explicit materials" out of public view. At that time we posed what we thought was an amusing question: will brassieres be the next casualty? Well, guess what, folks? **Pinellas County, Florida** has added lingerie shops to its list of "adult entertainment businesses," targeted by county commissioners' regulations. We are not amused.

Magic Power

When **Magic Johnson** came out as HIV+ his revelation was hailed as a giant leap forward in the public's perception of AIDS. The basketball hero then wrote ***What You Can Do to Avoid AIDS***, only to have it banned by **K-Mart** because of its graphic diagrams and explicit language. Further, after being appointed to the **President's Commission on AIDS**, Johnson was so appalled by the administration's lack of leadership and funding that he has withdrawn support for **George Bush** in the Presidential election.

...But Bush Babbles On

Speaking of **Georgie**, who we hope will soon be retired to the golf course, the Prez just could not get that darned **Lloyd Brown** to stop running negative ads about **Bill Clinton**. Said George, shaking his head sadly, "The law is fairly complicated on this." Funny, the powers that be don't seem to have any trouble pulling the plug when it suits their interests, whether it's on **Jerry Lee Lewis** singing "Great Balls *On* Fire" in the 50s, or on **Pacifica Radio**'s reading of *Ulysses* in the 90s. But poor Georgie just couldn't seem to cancel advertisements of a hotline number that invited callers to "Get to know **Gennifer Flowers** the way Bill Clinton did." Darn that First Amendment anyway!

A Bad Attitude Indeed

Canada's largest lesbian/gay bookstore, **Glad Day** in Toronto, has been raided and charged with selling obscene material—namely, an issue of the lesbian erotic magazine **Bad Attitude**. The magazine, which depicted penetration and bondage, was the first casualty of a **Canadian Supreme Court** decision redefining obscenity to include materials that are "degrading and dehumanizing," primarily to women or children. The decision had been applauded by Canadian and American anti-porn feminists: *Ms.* called it "a stunning victory" in a country "where the free-speech tradition is not as dominant as it is in the U.S."(!!) These misguided "feminists" have never understood that when the "free speech tradition" is not upheld, the first to be gagged are minorities. That means lesbians. That means feminists. That means women.

Homophobic Computers

Students for the Eradication of Homophobia, Sexism, and Racism (SEHSR) is calling for a boycott of **Prodigy**, the largest computer bulletin board in the nation, because of its policy of allowing lesbian and gay bashing while censoring rebuttals. Hate messages have expressed the philosophy that minorities are inferior, that lesbians and gays "recruit" children into their "perverse" lifestyle, and that the movement for equal rights for homosexuals must be defeated. Challenges to these attacks have been censored, while Prodigy allows the gay-bashing to continue. To find out more, write SEHSR at PO Box 5000-303, Upland, CA 91786-5000.

Thanks to the following sources for much of the information contained in this column: *Adult Video News;* Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD); Californians Against Censorship (Cal-Act); and *The Spectator*.

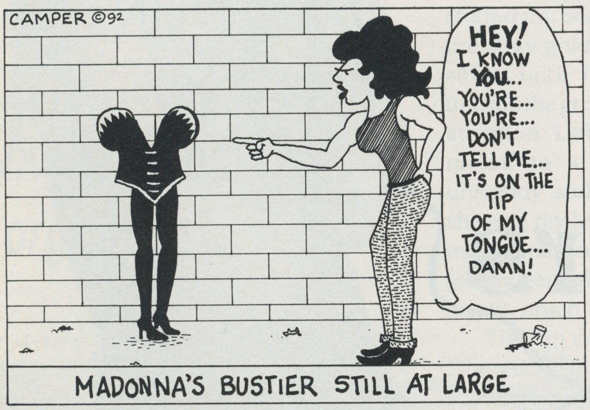
NewsNotes

by Marcy Sheiner

Affairs of the Rich & Famous

A biography of the late **Marlene Dietrich** reveals that she was bisexual, and decidedly preferred women. In ***Blue Angel: The Life of Marlene Dietrich***, biographer **Donald Spoto** says that Dietrich had certain criteria for her female lovers, the most important being that they absolutely had to be less famous than she. I guess that means she never got it on with **Garbo**. We can still fantasize, can't we?

Judy Nelson, former lover of **Martina Navratilova** who recently settled her palimony suit—she got their $1.3 million home in Colorado—is moving in with novelist **Rita Mae Brown**, who happens to be an ex of Martina's. Nelson says she's only going to Brown's farm for a summer of polo, but admits she's writing a book about her relationship with Martina, whose dry observation on these developments was, "Maybe Judy needed some pointers on writing a book." Meanwhile, Martina's malpractice suit against her former lawyer is still pending. The continuing evolution of this affair has got to be the ultimate in lesbian melodrama.

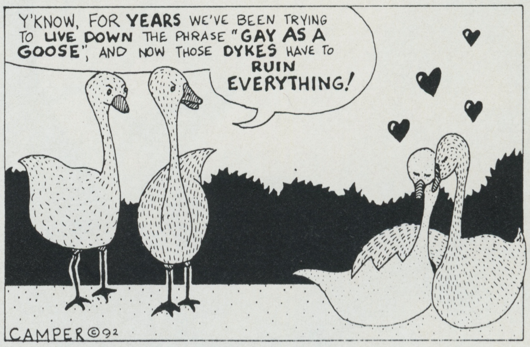


Madonna's Bustier Still At Large

During the recent rebellion in Los Angeles, **Frederick's of Hollywood** was one of the more interesting stores to be looted. Smart shoppers headed straight for Frederick's famous underwear museum and got away with great goodies. Though actress Katey Sagal's push-up bra and Ava Gardner's panties have since been returned, still missing is **Madonna's** bustier. A $1000 reward has been offered, but so far nobody thinks the price is right.

Vermont Passes Lesbian/Gay Legislation

Vermont has become the sixth state in the nation to pass a civil rights law banning discrimination based on sexual orientation. This is the second time in three months that a state has enacted civil rights legislation for lesbians and gays (New Jersey was the other). Six down and 44 to go.



It's All Happenin' At The Zoo

Two female Canadian Geese at the **Cincinnati Zoo** have decided to mate. According to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, **Gertie and Alice** have laid more than 40 eggs for each other over the years. One of the zookeepers says that "if one is gone, the other one stands out here just screaming." Sounds like your typical dyke relationship.

Naked Women

Diviana Ingravallo, frequent contributor to *On Our Backs* and January's cover girl, just completed touring her show **Naked Women**, a collaborative work with *On Our Backs* contributing photographer **Tracy Mostovoy**. The show consisted of three major segments: Diviana as stripper, dominatrix and whore—all lesbians—while Tracy's photos flashed on a background screen and occasionally other women, naked or costumed, enacted suggestive postures. The theme that predominated throughout the show was the presentation of sex work as an ancient, sacred, necessary, female profession. Naked Women is also hot, hot, hot. Although this run has ended, Divi promises to revive the show in the future. For more information on this, and Diviana's upcoming show about women and AIDS, call (310) 657-1257.

Back in the Saddle

Ecstasy Lounge, a dyke sex club in San Francisco which was unceremoniously shut down last November, has reopened in a new state-of-the-art sex palace with a downstairs bar, dance floor, lockers, and upstairs "pleasure maze" (mattresses in tiny semi-private cubicles), a dance floor, and a dungeon with a variety of bondage equipment. The long dry wait from November to June must have made the girls horny, because every mattress was filled, every cross occupied, and the moans from overhead made for steamy cruising in the bar. Outside, the line to get in stretched half a block. Hints to patrons: come early, come often, and strap on your corsets and/or strapon—you're not dressing for the opera. Hint to staff: interrupting an intense scene in the dungeon to announce a safe sex lecture is a no-go. But why quibble with ecstasy?—*Linnea Due*

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THE RAZOR'S EDGE . . .

ANNIE SPRINKLE

To shave or not to shave—that has always been the question. Nowadays, the hair in question is the bush surrounding the pussy, but there was a time when armpit and leg hair generated intense feelings and heated debate among women.

I'd venture to guess there's scarcely a woman alive who hasn't experienced some conflict at some time about hair on some portion of her anatomy—and that's not counting head hair, which is in a category all its own. I am restricting myself here to the downy fur or ugly stubble that adorns our legs, arms, and cunts. For some women, there is also the question of hair on the upper lip, chin, brows, and breasts. When it comes to body hair, every woman's got a story.

> **Once you become attuned to your cunt, you experience it as a living, breathing organism...**

Mine began at age 12. I had skipped a grade in school and was thus surrounded by girls with budding breasts who held hushed conversations in the hallways about blood and Kotex, and who traded depilatories as easily as they traded homework. I had neither breasts nor blood nor hair until the quite advanced age of 15, and was, of course, mortified. There wasn't a thing I could do about the blood, but for breasts I stuffed my bra, and for hair I began shaving the stray golden wisps scattered along my shins, until I'd managed to darken and thicken the growth enough to warrant weekly attention. Little did I know I was dooming myself to a lifetime of razor cuts and unsightly stubble. As the years went by, shaving my legs and underarms became as much a part of life as brushing my teeth. As for my genitals, well, I barely knew I had a pussy, much less pussy hair!

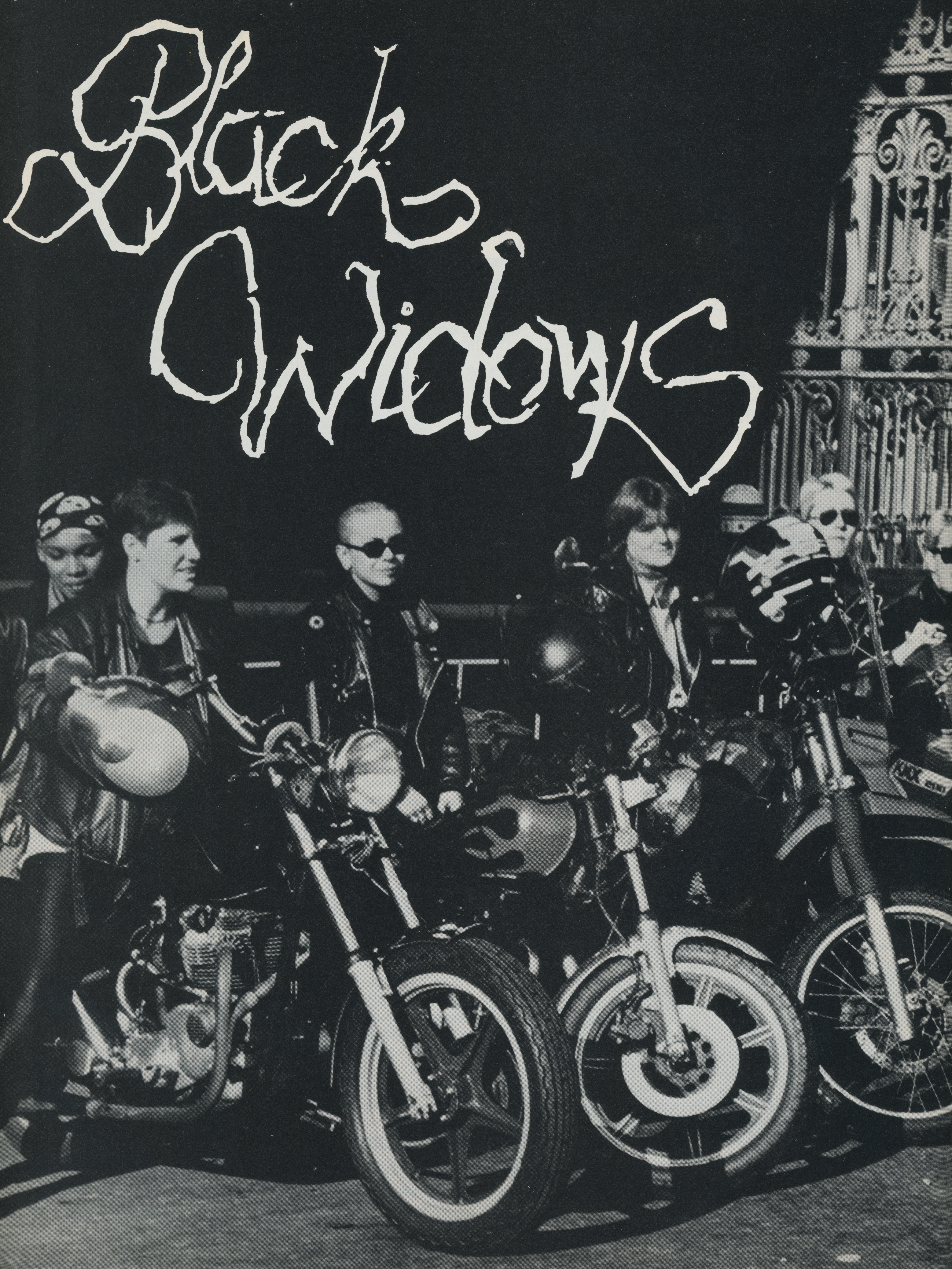
Then in the late 60s came the Women's Liberation Movement. Suddenly, female shaving was *the* most potent symbol of our oppression. The theory was that makeup, fashion, diets, and beauty standards had been forced upon us by the patriarchy. Added to this analysis was another from the hippies: whatever was natural was good, and if the Great Cosmic Mother had wanted us to be hairless she'd have made us so.

MARCY SHEINER

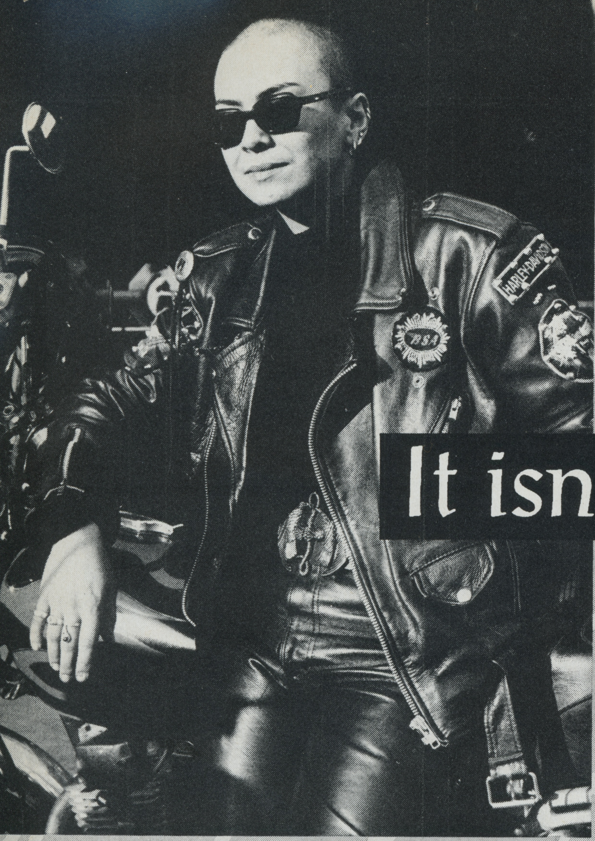
Hippies grew it long all over, but those of us who were a hybrid of hippie *and* feminist cut our head hair short and choppy, while releasing our armpits and legs from the razor's tyranny. Sweaty, undeodorized vines trailed from our t-shirt sleeves. In summer we flaunted our underarm jungles as symbols of rebellion. You could literally spot a sister by her legs: furry and feminist were synonymous, and I honestly regarded any woman with plucked "chicken legs" as traitorous.

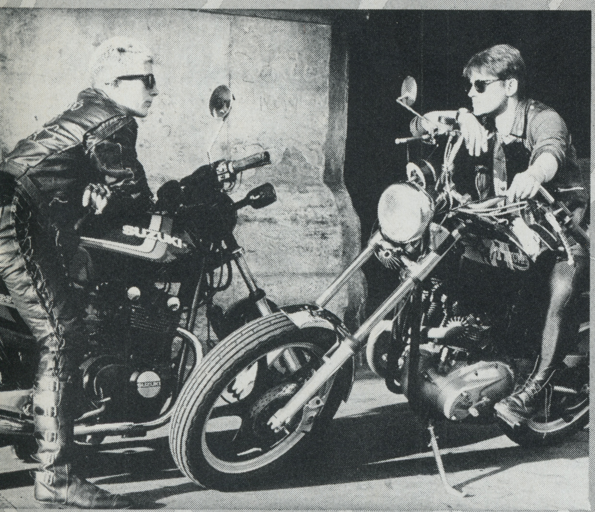
Personally, it was no big sacrifice for me to stop shaving: after a short time my leg hair softened and lightened to its pre-shaven state. (My friend Angie, a dark Italian and staunch defender of Lady Norelco, was fond of pointing this out to me.) Additionally, in those years I seldom bared my legs—my skirts had gone to the Salvation Army, I never wore shorts in public (a man might whistle), and I swam under secluded waterfalls with other hairy gals. As for sex, at that time my partners had to share my ethics to share my bed.

(continued on page 42)


Black Widows

Photos by Laurence





It isn't easy to gain entry into the "Black Widows," a motorcycle gang whose members ride through the streets of London, metal machines throbbing between their legs. To become a member a girl must first undergo an initiation rite, decided upon by Tina, the gang's leader. In one initiation ceremony, all the bikers throw their keys into a helmet; the newcomer has to pick one out and spend the night with its owner. Another initiation demands that the newcomer's feet be handcuffed to the pedals of her bike while she wanks herself in front of the group.

When not torturing initiates, The Black Widows like to spend the night in a castle complete with dungeon, watch dirty movies, or go to the Turkish baths.

Something Old Something NEW

by Suzanne Sherman

In the summer of 1988 I received an invitation from two lesbian friends to "the celebration of the relationship of Jeanne and Sandra Sinclair." I was asked to RSVP using the inscribed lavender card. . . . I had to sit down. Sandy and Jeanne Sinclair? What had happened to Sandy Silver?

"I'm a romantic.

I always knew I was going to get married,

I just didn't know it would be to a woman."

I read the invitation again. The ceremony would be held in a Unitarian Universalist church. Did that mean they would stand before a minister wearing lace gowns and trailing veils? Did they think their friends wouldn't take their commitment seriously without this formality, or that with it their families would? They still wouldn't get tax breaks or legal protection for hospital visitation or survivorship. They still wouldn't be accepted as spouses when it came to family discounts, employer-provided medical benefits, and other family-member-only privileges, even with a shared last name.

I was fascinated, and began talking to couples all across the country. I discovered that some get married simply to show each other the depth of their commitment and love—they grew up believing they would someday marry, and when that special person turned out to be a woman, they got married anyway. To these women, marriage is the only way they know how to express a certain level of love and commitment. Some couples who marry are involved in a religious or spiritual community, and it's important to them to have their relationship blessed before God or by a priestess.

Many lesbians have or are planning to have children, and marry to build a sense of family cohesiveness. Some couples share a surname to help bind them together and make it easier for the kids to understand that they are a family. The family model that society presents is apparently important to a lot of lesbian couples, and they believe their kids will benefit by having parents who've taken every step available to them in creating a nuclear family. ➤

Photos by Phyllis Christopher

Tamar and Irene

Tamar and Irene married in 1987 after being together for a year. Irene already had a daughter, then five years old, and they wanted a second child, which Tamar would carry.

"About six months into the relationship, we talked about how to stabilize a family," explains Irene. "Tamar was sure she wanted to have a child and didn't want to do it as a single parent."

Talking about raising children brought up the discussion of goals. "For Tamar, it needed to be a monogamous relationship, and that was fine with me," says Irene. "It wasn't an issue of monogamy versus nonmonogamy, it was an issue of whether we had the same goals as a couple and as a family."

Irene had been nonmonogamous for almost ten years before meeting Tamar. Her friends were mostly other lesbians who practiced nonmonogamy. But her daughter, Ann, was having trouble caring about and then being abandoned by short-term mother figures, and she wasn't happy to take on another one when Tamar came into the picture.

"I had two ongoing primary relationships for over two years before I was with Tamar," explains Irene. "Both those women played a sort of motherly role in Ann's life, and then took off. It was very clear that Ann was not going to do it with Tamar unless Tamar was sticking around. Our marriage helped Ann feel more secure."

Altering her lifestyle was a big change for Irene, and it meant a lot to Tamar. "I had to put a lot of faith in her commitment, and that's a scary thing to do. The fact that she was willing to get up in front of people and make the commitment reassured me ."

Irene's friends didn't support her marriage. "The fact that I was making a commitment upset them," she says.

Tamar also had some negative response from friends. "The friend who was my witness had definite problems with it. This was very patriarchal to her. But she agreed to be a witness because she loves us both."

The couple invited their families, but none of them came. Irene's family didn't respond at all, with the exception of a sister who wrote to try for the last time to "talk me out of being a lesbian. I'd been a lesbian for 15 years before this relationship and she'd known all my lovers, but to her this meant the final commitment to lesbianism rather than to a particular person."

They were married by a gay rabbi in a temple in San Francisco using a ceremony that combined Jewish and Native American rituals. Ann was the flower girl—and the only person in the ceremony wearing a dress. The couple wore suede pants and silk blouses, with corsages instead of bouquets.

They met with their rabbi six times before the wedding, and, with his help, wrote the ceremony. Their *ketubah* (the Jewish wedding contract) was mostly traditional, with one side written in English, the other in Hebrew; the rabbi omitted the parts that didn't apply to them as two women.

"I'm a romantic," says Tamar. "I always knew I was going to get married, I just didn't know it would be to a woman." She is also political. "This wedding was a very political thing to do. You can't be more out than by getting married."

After being married five years, Irene finds that she takes their relationship and the consequences of her behavior more seriously. "It's much easier to just live with someone and say, Okay, we're together as long as we're together, as long as it feels good. There's a lot more room to get out of it."

They find that their friends want them to make it, to stay together. "Maybe that's because they were part of that ritual," suggests Irene. She also believes that they convey a sense of hope for people who want to see that there is such a thing as long-term relationships in the lesbian community.

Tamar and Irene didn't find that the marriage changed their sexual life, but that Irene's commitment to monogamy did. Monogamy within a continuous relationship presented a challenge. "It's taken a lot more energy and a lot more concentrated effort to stay sexually interested," says Irene. "We had to figure out what to do to keep me from getting bored because I was so used to variety."

And they found ways to keep their lovemaking interesting to both of them. They talk with friends and openly share ideas and experiences; Irene goes to meetings where people exchange sexual ideas; they both read books for ideas on creative sexual play, even if most are geared toward straight people.

"With one of the books, you could decide you want to play the role of a nun," Irene explains, "and then you pick a number, like fantasy number 15, and it's the Russian Revolution. So you've got a nun in the Russian Revolution. Then you check off whether you're going to be passive or aggressive, and you say what you want your partner to be doing. Your partner could be a medic," she laughs. "The next time, you can be a teacher instead of a nun—or whatever you want to be."

During Tamar's pregnancy they weren't very sexual because they were protective, since she'd miscarried before. After the birth and for seven months following, they practiced an intimacy exercise where they shared a 20-second kiss every day. Twenty seconds isn't very much, but the pause in a busy day to be intimate even for that long enabled them to resume sexual intimacy when they had more time for it.

"It was hard to hop in bed and have the sex we wanted when we hadn't been keeping our intimacy bonds day by day," explains Tamar. "We found that when our baby was taking a nap and we had 45 minutes to ourselves, we couldn't connect and make it happen because we hadn't sustained our intimacy. But when we were doing this 20-second kiss every day, we could be spontaneous later because that intimacy was familiar."

Tamar and Irene are sexually more in synch now than ever before. They make love about every two weeks; though they would both like to have sex more often, their energy is taken up by the baby.

"Since I've had my son," says Tamar, "my desire for sexual frequency has dropped because I'm intimate with somebody all day. I'm attentive to his needs all the time."

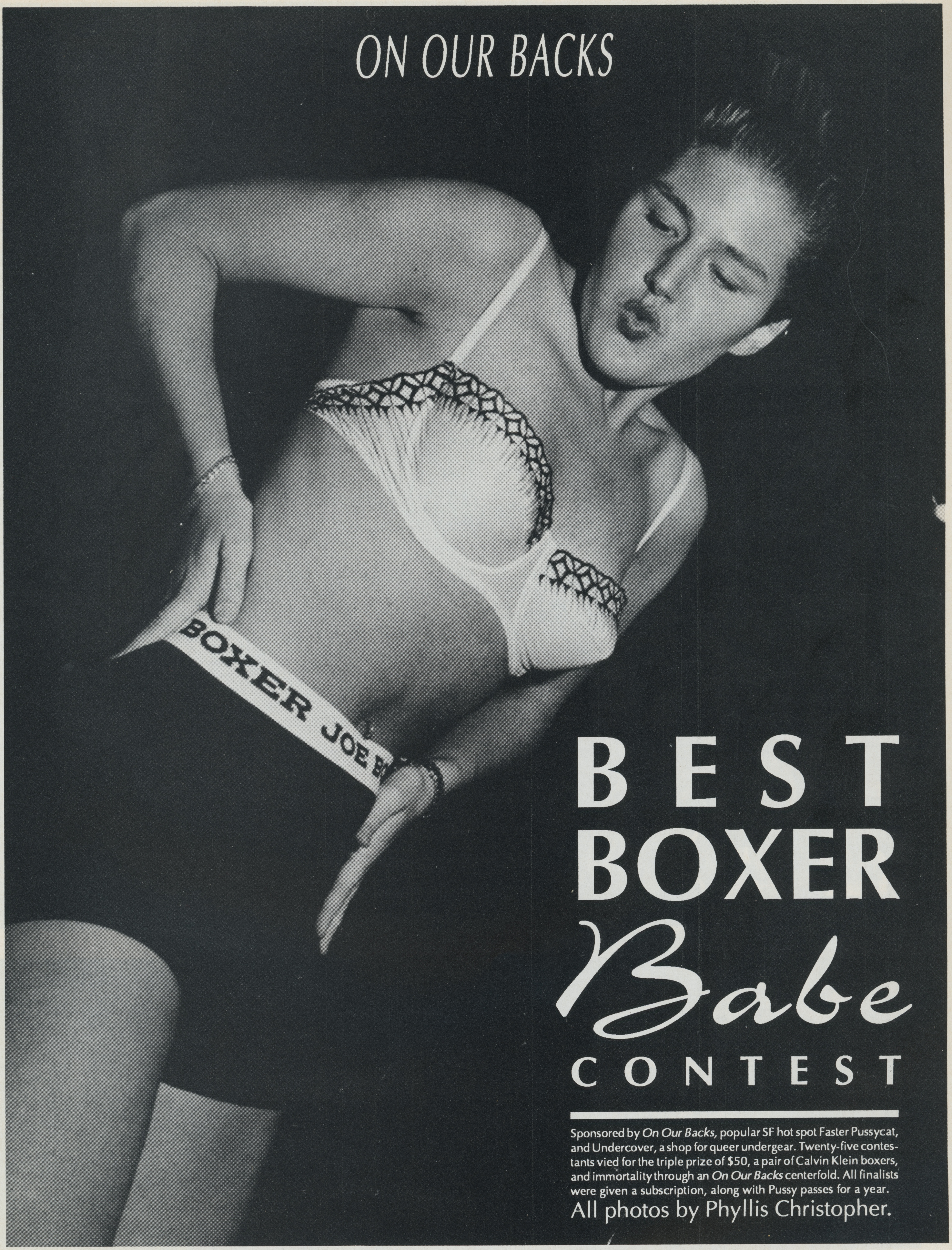
They like to cuddle a lot, shower together, tease, and play. "We like to make out, have stolen kisses," says Tamar. "When you have children, you do that a lot."

The couple has always kept the lines of communication open. "We've always talked about sex," says Irene. "It may not always have been constructive, but we discussed what we were feeling and what we needed. We checked in with each other every week even if we weren't being sexual. It was never a dead topic that we avoided."

Both say they came into the relationship aware of the fact that many people think lesbians' sex lives die out after some time, and they didn't want that to happen to them. "We came to this relationship knowing that relationships take a lot of work," says Tamar. "They're not something that just happen, they're not always easy. And sex is part of that. It's something that you have to work at to keep exciting, and so we do."

Since they've been married, they are just as public about being lesbians as they were before. Tamar keeps photographs of Irene and Ann on her desk at work, and if anyone mentions her husband because of her wedding ring, she corrects them by saying, "My partner." Since marrying, they've joined their checking accounts and created a paper trail to show their interdependence, mostly for custody issues in the event one of them should die. They registered as domestic partners with the city of San Francisco on the day registration started, February 14, 1991. "It's the only form of legal recognition we have," says Irene. "It's the first inroad into legal rights."

(continued on page 38)



BEST BOXER *Babe* CONTEST

Sponsored by *On Our Backs*, popular SF hot spot Faster Pussycat, and Undercover, a shop for queer undergear. Twenty-five contestants vied for the triple prize of $50, a pair of Calvin Klein boxers, and immortality through an *On Our Backs* centerfold. All finalists were given a subscription, along with Pussy passes for a year.

All photos by Phyllis Christopher.

BEST BOXER *Babe*

Connie Jackson

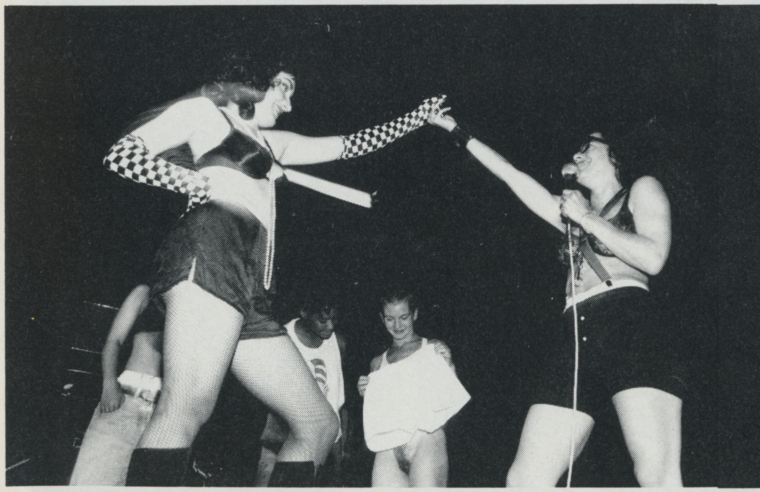
Sign: *Virgo*

Favorite Sport:
Basketball

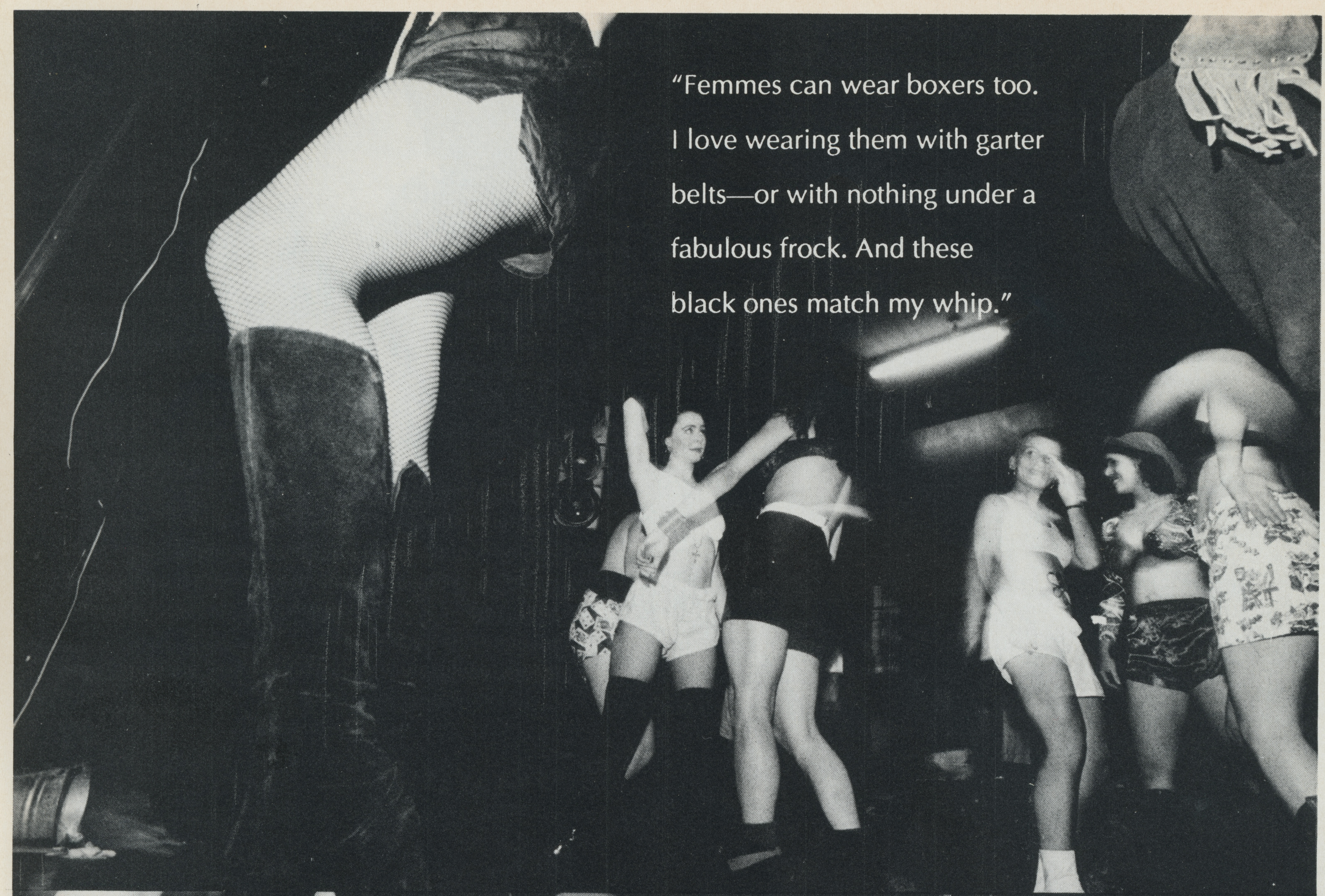
Favorite Band:
Pussy Tourette

Hobby:
Girl Chasing

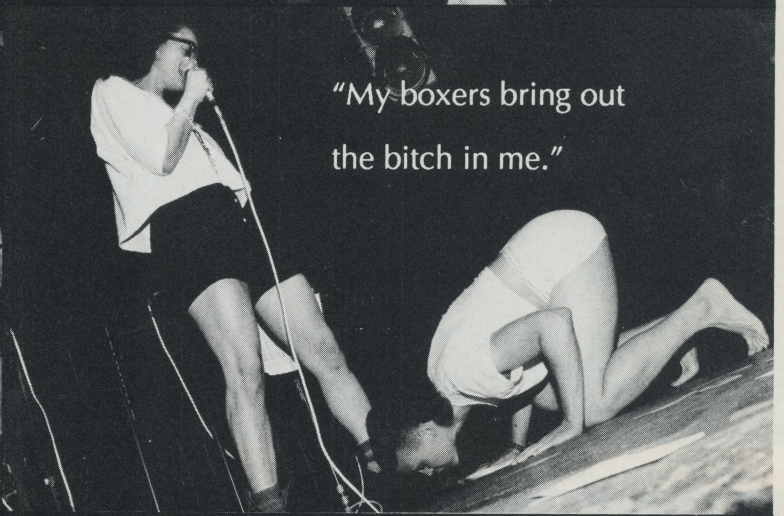
Dream Date:
Taking Jodie Foster to Amsterdam



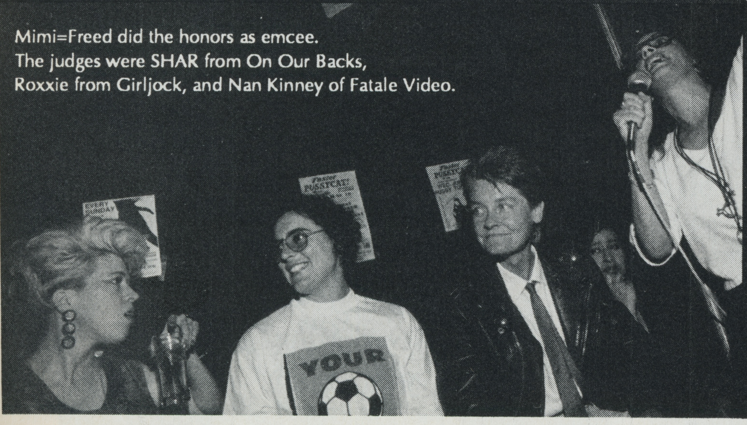
SPONSORED BY FASTER PUSSYCAT • ON OUR BACKS • UNDERCOVER



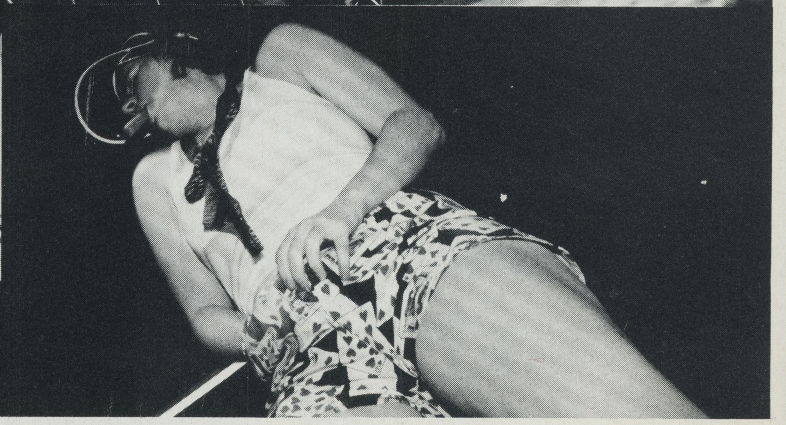
"Femmes can wear boxers too. I love wearing them with garter belts—or with nothing under a fabulous frock. And these black ones match my whip."



"My boxers bring out the bitch in me."

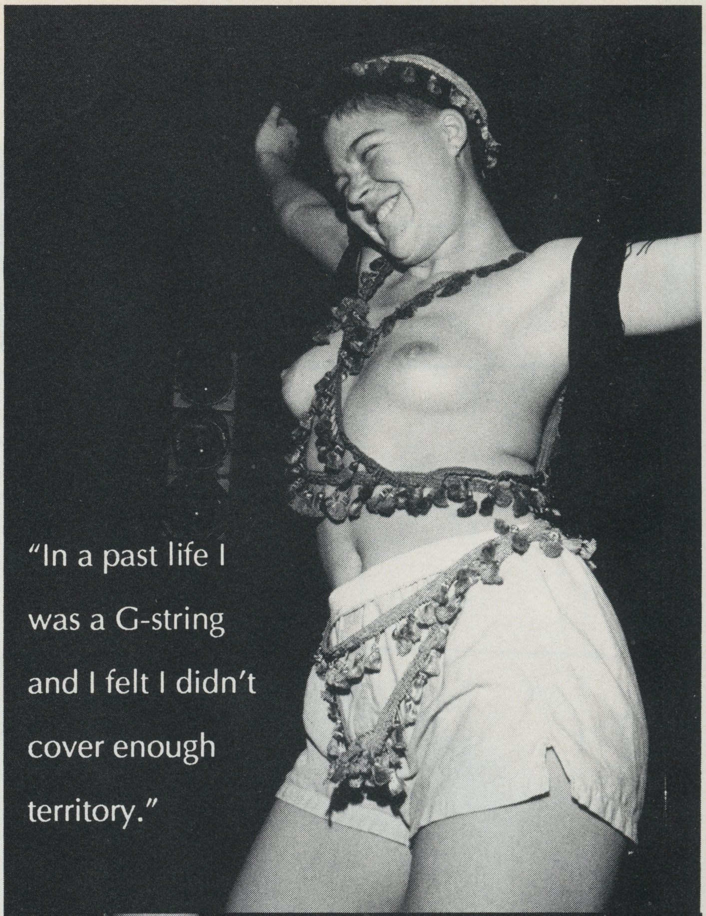


Mimi=Freed did the honors as emcee.
The judges were SHAR from On Our Backs,
Roxxie from Girljock, and Nan Kinney of Fatale Video.

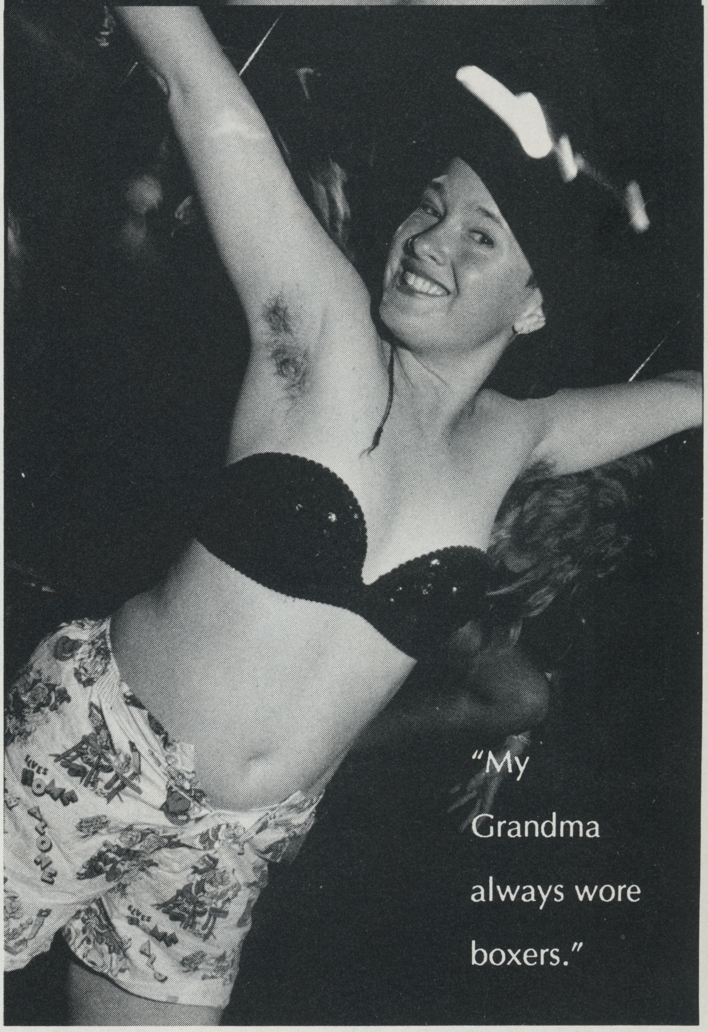


Move over, Ms. Gay USA. Watch out, Ms. International Leather. Babes in Boxers are the latest trend for the au courant dyke.

Both butches and femmes showed up at the first Boxer Babe Contest, wearing boxers of all kinds. The highly individualistic and varied fashion statements included fringes, chains, and pom-poms; some contestants sported garters underneath their shorts. "Late Bloomer" flipped a deck of cards from her fly, "Bad Dog Boner" got down on all fours and barked, and several contestants engaged in the art of striptease. The judges chose seven finalists, each of whom had to strip to their drawers. The field was narrowed down to four, who were then required to answer the judges' questions. When asked, "What's homoerotic about boxer shorts?" the winner, Connie, replied without missing a beat, "Me."



"In a past life I was a G-string and I felt I didn't cover enough territory."



"My Grandma always wore boxers."

SHAVE
ME

Absolutely Naked

Fiction by Lindsay Welsh

Sue replaces her tongue with her hand; her skillful fingers dance over my shaven lips as she moves up my body.

Photo by Annie Sprinkle

I like shaving.

I like to seclude myself in the bathroom with the tall can of cream and my silver razor. I like to cover my legs with the perfumed whipped cream and then slowly scrape it off. I like the long, continuous strokes up my calves and the short, protective caresses around my knees and the bones in my ankles.

My primary reason for all this is my silk pants. A couple of years ago I treated myself to a horrendously expensive silk suit. When my legs are freshly shaved, those pants glide over my skin like a whisper. When I go outside, it feels as if I'm walking through the streets completely naked.

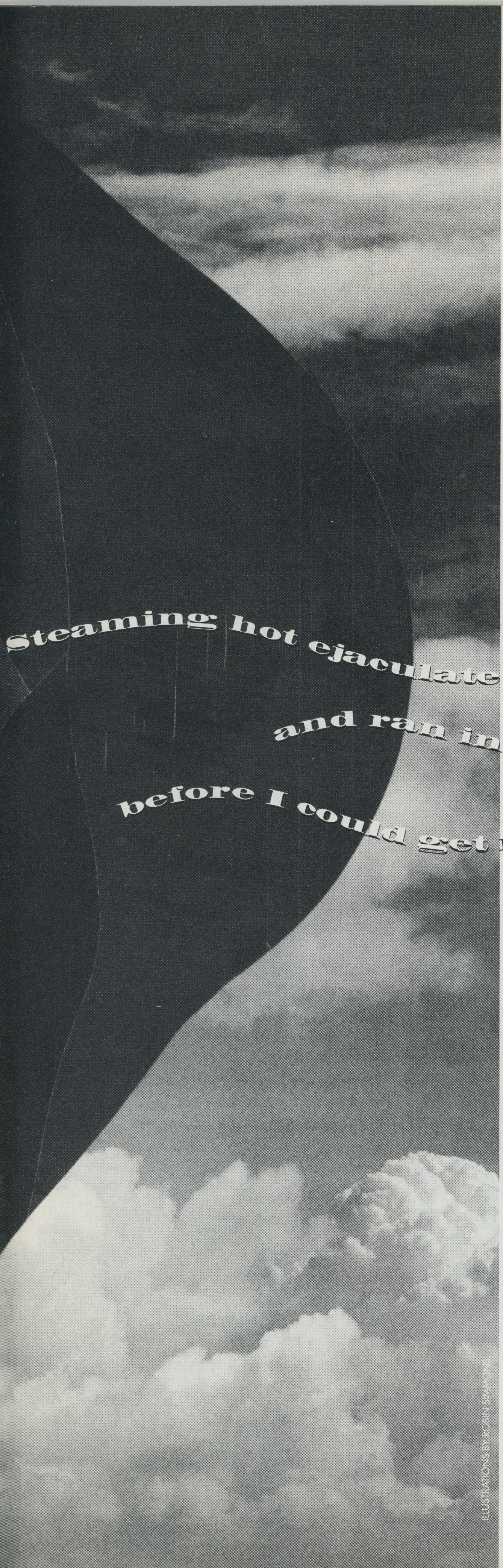
Sue generally leaves me alone when I'm shaving; I do it slowly, after my shower, and the steamy bathroom is mine for the better part of an hour. When I emerge, I'm ready to take her into my arms. So she waits.

Today, there's a knock on the bathroom door. I have just rinsed the razor and put it away. Sue is waiting outside the door, naked.

"Please shave me," she says.

(continued on page 42)

Down on Alice


ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBIN SIMMONS

It was warm down by the river but the breeze was cool—perfect weather for day-dreaming. I tried to concentrate on the book I was reading by making myself sit up straight against the tree trunk, but it was no use. My mind kept wandering to the only subject that can hold my interest for any length of time: sex. Or, specifically, sex with Alice.

Alice is more than my lover; she is my everything. "I want her so much," I thought, "I shall surely lose my head if I don't make love to her soon. I want to hold her and taste her and be inside her and all around her." Sometimes I worry that my passion for Alice will consume her.

As my eyes drooped shut, the book fell from my hand, and I drifted off to sleep. My last thoughts were, as always, of my sweet Alice. It couldn't have been more than a minute when I was awakened by the sound of footsteps and muttering. "I know I'm late. If he left already, I'll kill myself." The speaker of these alarming words soon appeared from behind a tree. It was a white rabbit wearing a leather vest and spiked dog collar.

Steaming hot ejaculate hit me square in the face and ran in rivulets between my breasts before I could get my mouth over the stream and drink up every drop.

"You know how temperamental hedgehogs are," he said. "They have a hissy fit if you're five seconds late."

"Who are you?" I asked, trying not to gape. "Where are you going?"

"Mary, don't ask," he replied. "Just point me toward the hollow log. I've been dragging my fluffy behind up one side and down ... never mind, I see it." Without another word, this astonishing creature leapt lightly over a log and disappeared.

I jumped up and dove after him in disbelief. I thought I felt his foot in my face for a second, but soon forgot about him completely as I fell head-first into a very deep hole. Down and down I went, sliding past roots and rocks, gathering speed, finally free-falling in total darkness. Eventually I hit bottom—not as hard as you might think, having fallen such a distance and landed in a heap. When the dust had settled, I looked around and found myself in a dimly lit room with many odd-sized doors and a big bed.

"Well," I thought, "this is very curious, but vaguely familiar somehow. Might as well see where these doors..." Before I could finish my thought, a door opened and in walked, not the rabbit, but Alice—my very own Alice. ➤

Fiction
by K.C.Blake

"What are you doing here?" I asked. She didn't speak, just took my hand, led me to the bed, and sat down.

"Eat me," she said.

Well, I don't care what kind of rabbit hole I've fallen down, those are action words to me. When she looks at me with those big blue eyes, my insides melt and I am hers to command. I couldn't get my clothes off fast enough. It seemed like everything was glued to me and all the buttons had developed minds of their own. Finally I was naked. I turned to find her naked too, smiling at me. I eased her onto the pillows and stood back to look at her. Her beauty never ceases to take my breath away: short thick sandy hair, regal face, strong arms and hands. Just looking at her gets me worked up. My gaze wandered down past her big beautiful breasts, slender legs, to a golden thatch of hair surrounding my favorite place on earth. If I could die with my face in her muff, I'd die happy. I began to plant sweet little kisses from her head to her toes, greeting all my favorite spots. Steadily and surely I worked my way down across her stomach until I was home. Deeply I inhaled her scent, sweeter than orange blossoms, headier than musk. I plunged in quickly with my tongue, making her gasp. I nuzzled and licked happily for just a minute, and caught off guard by her orgasm.

Steaming hot ejaculate hit me square in the face and ran in rivulets between my breasts before I could get my mouth over the stream and drink up every drop.

Her come is like a magic potion. The more I drink, the more I want to drink. I want her to come again and again. I pressed against her and pushed my tongue in as far as it would go. I wished I could get my whole head inside her, and have my eyes and ears filled up with her fluids. Thrusting and thrusting with my tongue, I began to have an odd sensation. It seemed as if more and more of my face was getting soaked with spit and come. I was getting smaller with every thrust! I had to kneel and then stand to keep my tongue working until I was no bigger than a fist. This, I happen to know, is a perfect fit.

Taking a big gulp of air, I pushed my head past her swollen lips. A strong contraction instantly sucked me inside where I found myself in a wonderland of throbbing tissue. I was curled up inside a warm, wet, living cell which reacted to my every move.

When I put out my arms to feel around, she responded with a shudder. I gave the wall a tentative lick and was rewarded with a squeeze. Braver now, I groped and licked my way around in a circle, feeling for familiar parts. Now I was completely soaked in slippery liquid and could turn and spin easily.

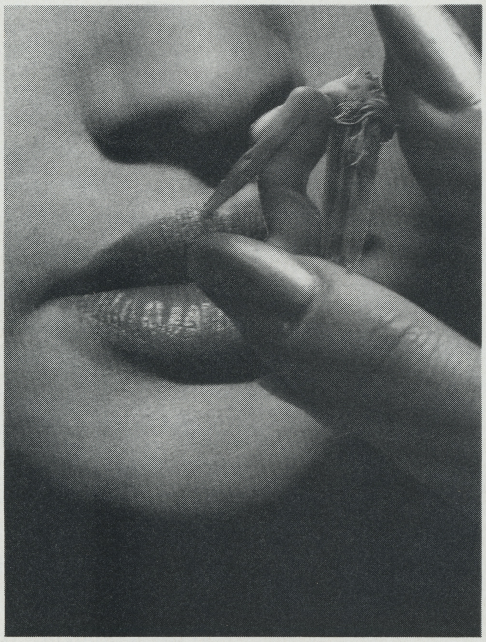
I crouched down and felt around with my hands, looking for her sweet spot. When I found it, I turned and massaged it with my feet while I pushed in all directions with my head and arms, turning my body from side to side.

This was as near to heaven as I'll ever be, I thought, rolling and pushing, lapping up honeydew as it dripped past my face. The flesh around me was rocking and bucking, holding me tighter and tighter until, in a climax of truly wondrous proportions, I was expelled on a wave of liquid which deposited me, soaked and smiling, on the bed.

Steam rose from my body as ecstasy engulfed me. I had just lived out a fantasy beyond my wildest dreams. My respite was brief, though; before I had a chance to catch my breath, Alice whispered softly, "Eat me."

Those compelling words brought me to my feet, ready to enter her again, when ... I began to grow. In less time than it takes to say wonderland I was bigger than my original size, and getting bigger.

I jumped down and stood dumbfounded beside the bed. Alice seemed to be shrinking and shrinking until I hit my head on the ceiling and began to grasp what was happening. My Alice had become no bigger than the hand with which I gingerly picked her up and brought her to my face.



She looked at me with those cornflower blue eyes and then closed them with a half smile on her face. Her message made my elephantine heart bang like a bass drum. Ever so gently, I brushed her body with my lips. My breath enveloped her in a warm fog. I took her hand in my mouth and was astonished by how tiny it felt. She opened and closed her hand, grabbing for my tongue. It felt as if a friendly bee had flown in there. I nibbled up her arm and over her body, sending shock waves through her.

I pressed her nipples between my lips. They were so small I could barely feel them, but it made her moan deep down in her throat. I turned her over in my hands to place a kiss in the middle of her back. I ran my tongue down her spine, onto the hollow at the base. Pressing my lips to her cleft, I began to investigate the creamy crevice with my tongue.

She knelt on my palm and presented her beautiful behind to me, which I bit, being careful not to mark her. When she started to rock, I put her feet into my mouth and sucked her slowly in. Inch by inch, I drew more of her in until she was in my mouth up to her waist.

Spreading her legs with my tongue, I positioned them, one on each side, between my teeth and cheeks. My tongue made tiny passes up and down her perfect pussy. I went slowly at first, then with increasing speed to keep pace with her rocking and thrusting.

My breath ruffled her hair. I could see her lips moving in a silent chant. Her eyes were open but unseeing. She looked pale, nearly faint from such intense concentration.

Just when I thought I had better stop she started to moan, which turned into a howl that made the hair on my neck stand up. It sounded too inhuman to have come from that little body.

At the peak of her scream her body began to vibrate as if it were electrically charged. She was a tuning fork in my mouth rattling against my teeth. She then began to buck so fiercely that I had to suck hard on her to keep her in my mouth. After a final rolling buck she went limp and her head rolled to the side.

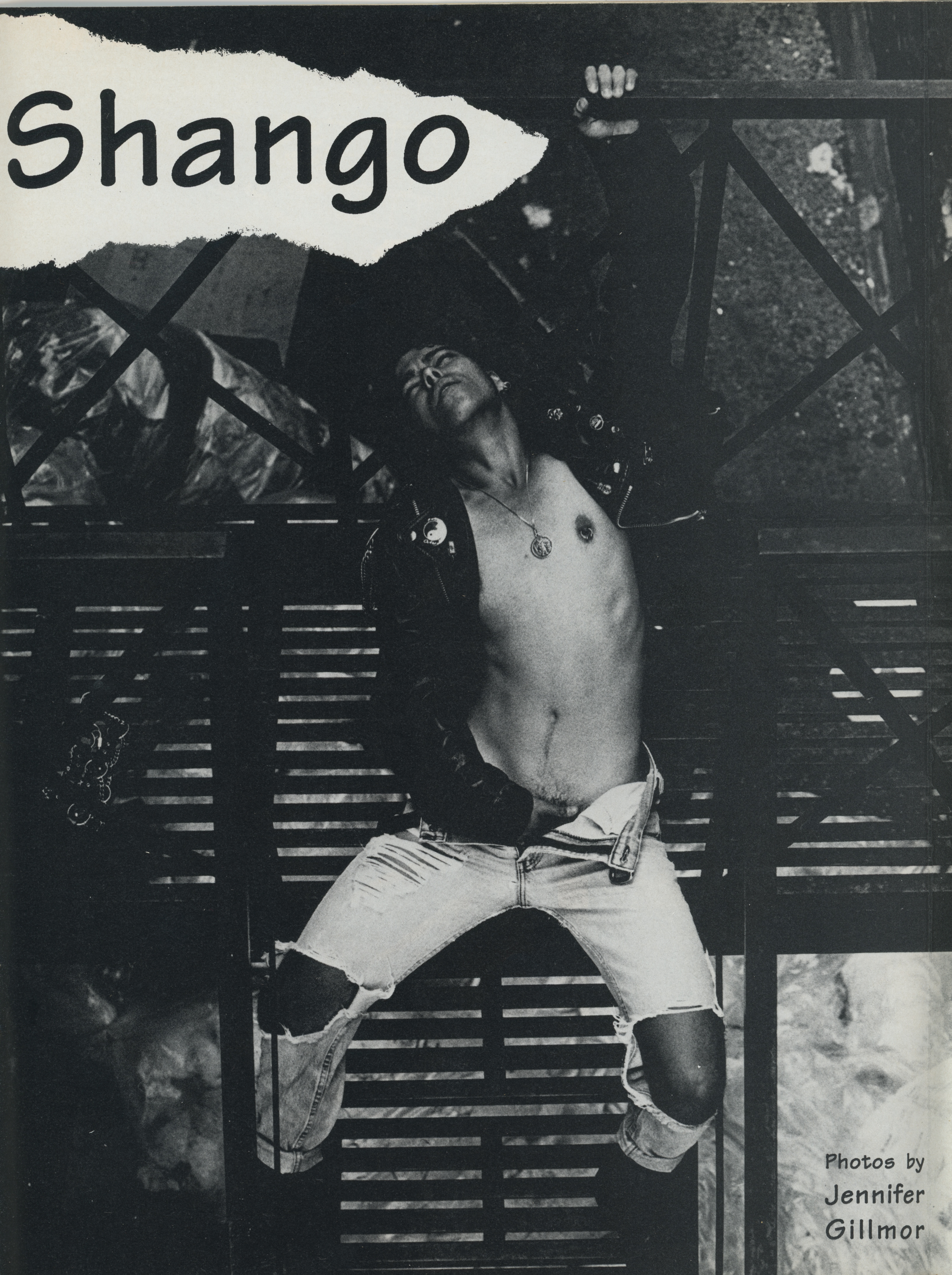
I pulled her out of my mouth, sucking her almost dry as I did so, and put her gently onto the bed. As soon as I let go of her, I started to shrink back to my normal size—not that I was a terrific judge of what was normal at that hot minute. Drained, I laid down with my arms around Alice and fell asleep instantly.

When I woke up, the sun was high overhead. I rubbed my eyes and tried to remember where I was. Alice was sitting on a log smiling at me. She likes to watch me sleep.

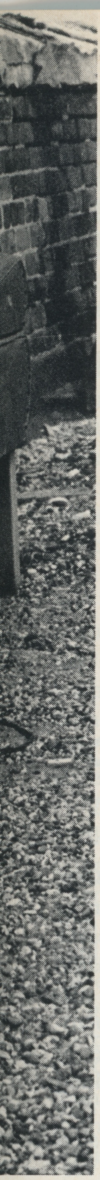
Alice knelt beside me and put her finger on my lips.

"Eat me,"
she said. Δ

Shango



Photos by
Jennifer
Gillmor

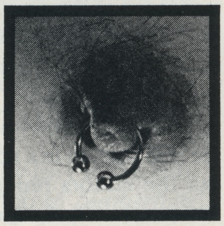


Shango,

who makes her modelling debut at 29, wanted to be in *On Our Backs* "to provide a representation of a non-traditional dyke." By "non-traditional," Shango is referring primarily to her abundance of hair. "I like being hairy," she says, "because that's the way my body is. I don't want to torture my skin for society."

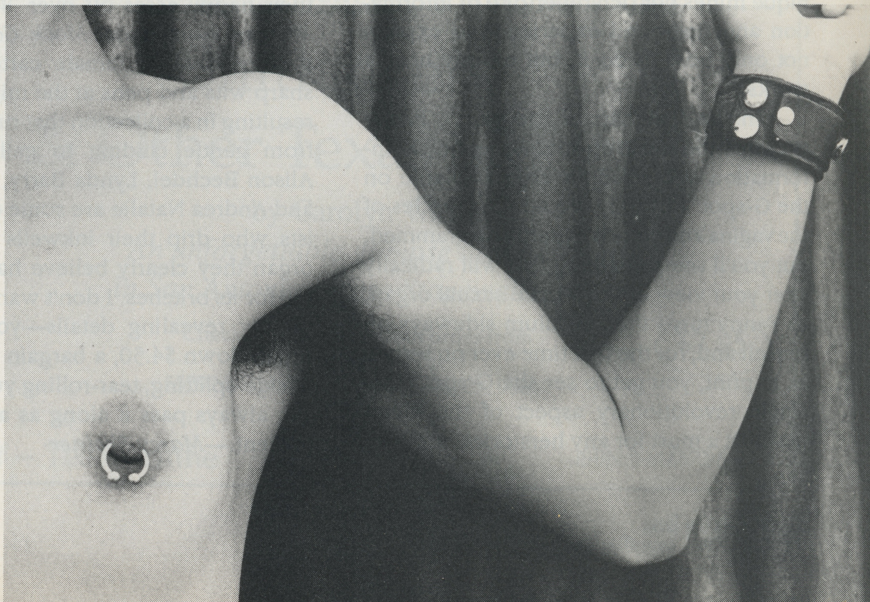
"I wouldn't equate being hairy with being protected," says Shango, "but I do feel powerful, because I'm not giving in to male ideas of how women should look. I'm not your weekend dyke who can pass—I'll always look like a dyke no matter what."

Despite her strong feelings about her own hair, Shango doesn't impose her preference on others. "It's their choice. If they want to spend all that time shaving, that's fine. But if they're doing it because they think they have to, then they should reconsider."



Shango hates stubble, and shaved pussies turn her off. "I don't like that—the vulnerability is too much. I want to be with a woman who feels powerful. By shaving her cunt she's making herself really vulnerable. Also I like pubic hair, pulling it and feeling it on my mouth."

Shango's pubic hair started sprouting when she was only seven years old, and by eleven the unique hairy circle around her nipple was complete. Now she uses the time that others spend shaving or waxing to work out every day.



HOW TO FEMALE EJACULATE

Fatale Video
526 Castro Street, SF, CA 94114

If looking for your G-spot has become as laborious as breaking through the Berlin Wall, then get ready for it to fall. Help is on the way with the aid of Fatale's latest home video.

How To Female Ejaculate provides the answers to all your logistical questions concerning what some vaguely refer to as the "mystery spot," since finding it has been shrouded in mystery, and only hearsay has given us any hope of being drenched in the experience. Many women have felt frustrated, if not impotent, at not yet having reached their "Get-it-Girl-spot."

Trusted adviser Fanny Fatale takes us by the hand, dildo, kegel exerciser, or whatever else we need to help reach this much-talked-about sexual thrill. The same woman you've trusted for years with questions about sexual expression and technique mines her rich repertoire of information and first-hand experience to explain not only how to do it, but exactly how it works.

In the first part of the video, Fanny presents the most up-to-date technical information and scientific data available on the G-spot. Not only are all the muscles of the vagina and clitoris expertly diagrammed, but you'll see something that will radically alter your view of the female sexual organ, as Fanny turns the speculum sideways on herself and, for the first time ever on screen or in print, you get to see the G-spot. This single revolutionary aspect of the video makes it a must for any herstorical archive. It also brings your own G-spot that much closer to your consciousness.

Part Two introduces three other women who ejaculate, and they discuss their experiences with Fanny and the viewing audience. Each woman is differently shaped, and each arrives at her G-spot release differently as well. And, yes, the part you've all been waiting for—we get to witness their orgasms.

While there were moments in Parts One and Two that made me wish for editing—both sections could have been five minutes shorter without losing any quality—the final segment was well worth the wait—just as it is when looking for the G-spot. At least now, with *How To Female Ejaculate*, you've got an accurate map. Happy hunting! —*Mimi=Freed*

WEENIE-TOONS!

Edited By Roz Warren
Laugh Lines Press, Box 259, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004

Freud will roll in his grave, while living men cower in fear, but women will laugh their happy asses off over *Weenie Toons! Women Cartoonists Mock Cocks*. A star-studded cast of female cartoonists aims sharp wits and pens at the mighty phallus, resulting in a collection that runs the gamut from gentle chiding to gallows humor. Alison Bechdel, Lynda Barry, Kris Kovick, and Andrea Natalie are some of 25 humorists who drip their inkwells on a bodily organ they clearly believe has gotten too big for its britches. I don't want to spoil the fun by revealing details—you'll have to plunk down $4.50, a bargain for a session of side-splitting, tear-rolling yuks. And you can always pass it along as a coming out present.—*Marcy Sheiner*

HOW DO I LOOK: QUEER FILM & VIDEO

Edited by Bad Object-Choices
Bay Press

How Do I Look: Queer Film and Video, edited by a group collectively known as Bad Object-Choices, consists of six essays presented at a 1989 conference by the same name. Topics include Judith Mayne's discussion of feminist theorists' failure to address the clearly lesbian appearance of Dorothy Arzner, Richard Fung's "Looking for My Penis: The Eroticized Asian in Gay Video Porn," and Cindy Patton's discussion of the emergence of a "pornographic vernacular." Each essay is accompanied by a transcript of the discussion which followed the original presentation, providing the reader with vicarious participation in the feedback process.

How Do I Look was originally scheduled for publication in a special issue of *October*, but the editors reneged, and Bad Object-Choices was forced to send the manuscript elsewhere. Bay Press has included a statement about the difficulty of finding a press willing to print the work due to the sexually explicit photos that accompany three of the essays. *How Do I Look* is thus another near casualty of the increasingly repressive atmosphere in the U.S., as well as of a growing refusal on the part of artists to be silenced.

Unfortunately, *How Do I Look* is more a record of polemics than a whirling dervish of radical politics. Due to a void in film studies of this kind of work, this collection may be expected to satisfy more than any one book can. While it is excellent in places and with regard to specific issues, it is not enough.—*Holly Willis*

LEATHERFOLK: RADICAL SEX, PEOPLE, POLITICS, & PRACTICE

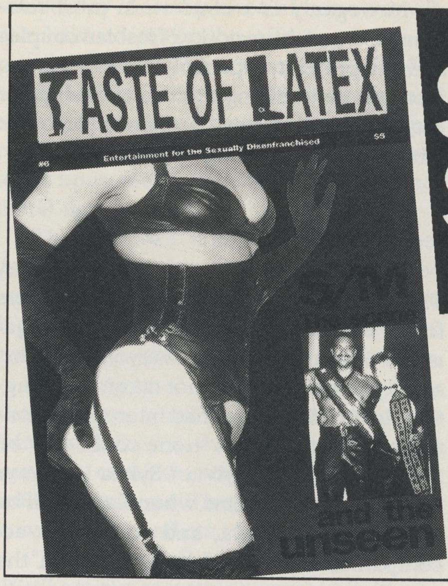
Edited by Mark Thompson
Alyson Publications

Mark Thompson has broken new ground in more ways than one with *Leatherfolk:* it redefines the boundaries of the queer community. The world of gay leathersex welcomes its members on the basis of their commitment to outsider's ethics and tough erotic vision quests rather than by Kinsey ratings; many gay leatherfolk feel more in common with their heterosexual counterparts than with gay "vanilla sex" comrades. Such is the power of leather, a loose affiliation of sexual preferences including sadomasochism, fetishism, erotic roleplay, and intense experiences like piercing and fisting.

Leatherfolk is also the first co-sexual book about leather to emerge from the queer community; while women and men often socialize and even play next to or with each other in the leatherworld, up until now book-length writings on the subject have been either for lesbians or for gay men. Thompson's familiarity with his community has leveled that barrier. Pat Califia, Gayle Rubin, Wickie Stamps, John Preston, Eric Rofes and Michael Bronski are names that readers of gay and lesbian literature will recognize. They share the pages with writers more likely to stay within the leather community. The writings are substantial, moving, sometimes difficult. While most essays assume some knowledge of leather play and community folkways, even a stranger to the topic will glean insight.

The word spirituality isn't in the subtitle, but the final section of *Leatherfolk,* "Spirit and the Flesh," deals with the power of radical sex role-play, the shamanistic journey embarked on by initiates into the intense sensation that outsiders (and some insiders, too) call "pain." Queer folk as diverse as the Rev. Troy Perry, founder of the Metropolitan Communtiy Church, and Fakir Musafar, leader of the Modern Primitives, address leather sex as a tantra-like union of body and spirit or a quest after mystery. As editor Thompson notes, "The leap of faith required to unite spirit and flesh is much smaller than it appears to be. In fact, in my life and in many of the lives revealed in *Leatherfolk,* there is no distance at all separating the two."

—*Carol A. Queen*



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...SOMETHING NEW *(from page 22)*

In the years since the wedding, Tamar's family has warmed up. "They had basically ignored Irene's and Ann's existence until they met them a couple of years ago," Tamar explains. "Now, my mother treats Ann as a grandchild, sends her presents and talks to her on the phone occasionally. She signs postcards 'Grandma.'"

They celebrate two anniversaries—coming together, and their wedding. And they still keep their wedding altar with some of the objects from the ceremony: the Navajo vase, crystals, photographs, an invitation. Their *ketuba* hangs in the hallway.

"Whenever you make a big commitment like this you always wonder if you're going to be able to do it, if you're setting yourself up to fail," says Tamar. "All your doubts come up. But having done it, I feel more relaxed. I don't worry as much as I used to about whether we'll stay together. When you get up in front of 50 people, it's real hard to back down."

Monogamy is a concern in most relationships, and the majority of lesbian couples seem to prefer it, especially after vowing to work on maintaining their relationship for life. There are, however, married lesbians who prefer nonmonogamy.

Karen and Sylvia

Karen Winter, 40, and Sylvia Stevens, 47, who married in 1984 after being lovers for three years, have never been monogamous. Sylvia "plays with everyone in sight" at play parties, but has not taken any long-term lovers. Karen has had intense relationships with others, but "none could ever be a replacement for Sylvia." Sylvia is always informed ahead of time when Karen will be staying out all night, and sometimes accompanies Karen and participates in the sex play.

"No sex is as good as it is with Sylvia," says Karen. "I wouldn't mind having casual sex with another woman, but I wouldn't want a heavy emotional relationship. My commitment is with Sylvia. We intend to be life-long."

The couple married at a Society of Janus meeting in Los Angeles, to commit publicly to each other and to an S/M relationship. For their wedding ceremony, Sylvia wore a black and red velvet gown and Karen started out in a white skirt and white blouse, which, she explains, represented femininity and submissiveness. A friend came forward and announced that these women wished to make public their commitment to one another. Sylvia came up next and called Karen to come forward. Karen stood before Sylvia, where she was stripped by two assistants. Then she knelt.

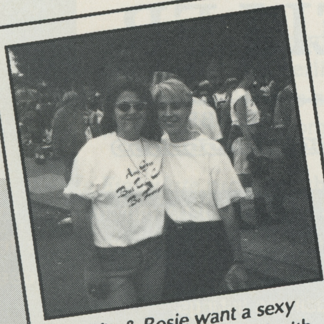
"Are you willing to devote your life to me?" Sylvia asked .

"Yes," Karen replied, "and I offer my strength to you by token of this blade." She handed a dagger to Sylvia. Sylvia pointed the blade at Karen's throat and nicked her skin, drawing blood. "I accept your life," she said.

The stripping symbolized the removal of Karen's old identity. The passing of the blade was also symbolic.

"Handing Sylvia the dagger represented that I would use my power to defend and support her," says Karen. "It also represented that I wanted to continue to say to Sylvia, 'You don't hold me against my will, I'm here voluntarily.' My feeling in S/M is not that of a victim but of a martyr."

After Sylvia bloodied the blade, she



Alfie & Rosie want a sexy bachelorette party filled with girls popping out of cakes.

This issue's feature incited great debate among the editorial staff at *On Our Backs*. Some of us think that lesbians who marry each other are all boring yuppies from the suburbs. Others feel it's a good excuse to throw a sex party. We sent Starlene to find out what the "Dyke on the Street" thinks.

Respondents' Marital Status

Unmarried: 83%
Married: 17%
Wanted to be married: 40%
Didn't want to be married: 60%
1 respondent was a lesbian divorcee.

What do you think of lesbians marrying each other?

"Great": 99%
One woman proclaimed, "It's insane."

If you got married what kind of bachelorette party would you have?

Sex party: 39% Details varied, including strippers and brides jumping out of cakes (to be licked clean).
2 respondents wanted "a butch affair," including cigars, card playing, and beer.
One wanted a houseful of "chicks with dicks."
Other answers included raves, limos, slam dancing, and folk music.

This married couple said they'd wear matching shorts next time around.

Where would you go on your honeymoon?

A tropical island or Hawaii: 43%
Amsterdam: 17%
Niagara Falls: 1%
Other answers included dungeons, Disneyworld, Spain, and Seattle.

What would you wear?

"My birthday suit": 24% (invite our photographers!)
Tuxedos: 24%
Leather: 16%
Lace: 16%
One dyke said she would wear a condom bra, one a leather push-up bra, and one couple said they'd wear matching shorts.

handed it back to Karen.

"I showed respect for her life by accepting the knife, bloodying the blade, and then handing it back to her," says Sylvia. "I received her power, her offer of her autonomy, identity and life, pronounced my acceptance of it, and then gave it back to her own keeping, with the understanding that it was mine." Sylvia's half of the agreement in the commitment is that she honor Karen's commitment and never abuse it.

Karen found the nicking of her throat very erotic. "Blood is the symbol of life, it's a pagan symbol, it's a Christian symbol, it's an S/M symbol. It's central to the giving of power and trust. It's very sexual."

Sylvia raised Karen up at this point and said, "Now you have a new identity, you are mine, go and get dressed." She clasped a silver collar around Karen's throat, inscribed "Property of Sylvia."

Nonetheless, Sylvia doesn't see herself as actually owning Karen in the marriage. She believes that each has strengths where the other has weaknesses. "I'm terrified of being abandoned, of being alone," she admits. "In S/M, I would do some pretty painful things, and she would not be bound—she would stay there by force of her own will. She likes to make the offering, I like to receive the offering. It's perfect. It fits."

Sylvia's eyesight is deteriorating, and she relies on Karen more and more, especially in public. "And," says Sylvia, "Karen relies upon me for guidance, and for emotional support."

The couple's compatibility goes beyond their common interests in committed partnership, S/M, western European and U.S. history, and re-creating their Victorian apartment in authentic furnishings (down to the wallpaper and candelabra). They also enjoy a vivid fantasy life they call "fantasexuality," in which they play characters that continue for several years and span generations. They use fantasexuality to work out conflicts.

"It's like psychodrama," says Sylvia. "We'll act out something very similar to an argument we just had, or something upsetting that may have happened during Karen's workday, and we'll carry it on without a person-to-person confrontation. Our characters are able to resolve the difference, hold each other, provide emotional warmth for each other, and then we can come out of the situation and bring those warm fuzzies to our life. We have a very peaceful marriage."

Do they ever have sex out of character, as Karen and Sylvia?

"Fantasy sex is 80 to 90 percent of our sex life," explains Sylvia. "We have casual, quick sex as Karen and Sylvia. We also have talking-type, non-contact sex as Karen and Sylvia, teasing and playing. But usually our sex lasts for hours."

The couple laughs about "lesbian bed death." After eight years, Sylvia boasts, they still have sex nearly every day. "Half an hour before you showed up, I backed Karen against the wall and 'made her grin.'" And that was after three hours of sex earlier that morning.

For some time now, their characters have been two gay males. "Our characters were getting stale recently," chuckles Karen. "They were basically having gay male bed death. My character was having trouble getting it up with his lover. Sylvia and Karen were still having good sex together, but our characters weren't. So my character got involved with another male character, and we just had dynamite sex this morning."

Sylvia and Karen would not marry legally even if it were made possible for lesbians—they're against state involvement

Kelle & Christina want to take it all off for their honeymoon on a tropical island.

Annie & Cathy would want their dog, Djuna, to perform their ceremony!

What's the worst thing about lesbian marriage?

"Boring!": 33% (Starlene noticed that most of these dykes weren't married.)
No legal rights or privileges: 24% (respondents were mostly coupled.)
Society's labels & attitudes: 11%
Other answers included "lesbian divorce" and one couple said, "You start to look like each other."

If you were married how would you keep the sex alive?

Imagination: 25%
Sex toys and videos: 21%
Stay romantic: 12%
Exotic trips: 12%
Have sex all the time: 12% As one women pointed out, "Practice makes perfect."
One woman voted for therapy,
one for nonmonogamy, and one for Cher.

Leslie feels that married lesbians are invisible but everywhere.

Who would you have perform the ceremony?

A) Priestess: 19%
B) Cher: 19%
C) Your therapist: 10%
D) Your cat: 23%
Other: Answers included 4 votes for Kris Kovick, 1 dog, and 1 vote for Cher's therapist!

Married lesbians are

A) Boring: 13.5%
B) Radical: 13.5%
C) Yuppies: 18.9%
D) Invisible: 16.2%
E) Everywhere: 18.9%
F) Embarrassing: One respondent.
One woman exclaimed "desperate," and one dyke purred, "In love."

in their private lives. But they will marry again in a spiritual recommitment ceremony in the Episcopal church that Karen belongs to. They will have their rings re-created in gold and re-state their vows.

"We're different now than we were eight years ago, and we want another ceremony to recommit to each other," says Karen.

The ceremony will be as close to the prayer book as they can have it. It will simply be re-worded to say, "Will you promise to love, honor and cherish, as you have in the past eight years..."

Linda and Edie

Linda and Edie Mahr married in a mostly heterosexual Episcopalian church. Linda, an Oakland, California resident for most of her 28 years, is the director and an instructor of the church's Sunday school. Their request to have the affirmation of relationship ceremony (a ceremony the church usually performs for married couples who are recommitting or celebrating a milestone anniversary) was quickly approved.

"The entire family was very involved with the church, we are good people, and we deserved it," explains Edie, 30.

They exchanged vows before a gay minister, who took as much license as he could with the church's rules for affirmation ceremonies. Their rings were blessed and exchanged, they had a procession, kissed at the end, and had a sheet cake decorated with purple roses at the church reception.

"We all agreed to break enough rules to allow more of these ceremonies to take place and eventually allow gay men and women to have weddings," says Linda.

Edie wore a short dress with a vest, and Linda wore a burgundy suit. Many of the 40 people attending—some gay, some straight—were from the parish. Two family members, besides their children, attended—Edie's grandmother and Linda's brother. Edie's mother is a lesbian, but she has never approved of her daughter also being a lesbian, and did not support Edie's wedding. Edie's father and Linda's parents also do not support their daughters' lesbianism and would not acknowledge the wedding.

Walking down the aisle was not a first for Linda or Edie. Some years ago, Edie's mother had strongly pressured her to marry a man. "My mother was dead-set against me being gay," Edie explains. "I got married because he was the first person in 15 years that my mother approved of. I was miserable the whole five years we were together, because I was gay."

Linda, also under family pressure, married a man when she was pregnant with her first child, now nine. Family pressure again influenced her second marriage, to the father of her second child. "When you're feeling a lot of stress," she says, "you do a lot of dumb things."

Of her current marriage, Linda says, "Whether the government wants to accept it or acknowledge it is immaterial. I promised myself to this woman, she promised herself to me. It's blessed, the family is blessed, we are a holy union."

Linda and Edie both dress in jeans and T-shirts, and wear short-cropped hair and no makeup. They appear very solid and self-assured. Linda works full-time and Edie is the primary caretaker of the children during the day. They don't believe in the importance of labeling themselves as butch or femme, but those roles do show up in their lives.

Linda is the decision maker in the household. "I try to make an evaluation based on what Edie wants also, and what's best for the family as a whole. Ultimately, I'm responsible for making sure the checkbook balances." Edie is happy to have the responsibility lifted from her shoulders.

"Marriage is no different from a good, solid, secure S/M relationship," she says. "A dominant and a submissive—there's a lot of security there."

Sexually, the roles reverse sometimes while they're making love. "You want the tender loving care, you want to be treated, you want to come to an orgasm, and that means you have to be willing to let go and not have the control," says Linda. "But," she adds, "I do call her 'wife.'"

If Edie could call Linda whatever she wanted, free of social judgment, she would call her "husband," since Linda is the one who works full-time. In the bedroom, though, it's "Daddy."

It's obvious that they enjoy each other.

"Sex is really good," says Linda. "If I could have nothing except sex and forget the rest of the world, I'd do that."

Edie agrees. "I keep reading articles that say lesbians have very poor sex lives, and I keep looking at her and saying, they haven't interviewed her yet!"

But deciding to live together was not based on sex. "We have a lot of common ground," says Linda. "We have a family we want to raise."

"Marriage isn't that it's a man and a woman," says Edie. "It's that two people commit to spending the rest of their lives together."

Edie and Linda would get legally married if they could, mostly for the sake of

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their family. With four kids between the ages of four and nine, they have concerns about inheritance and medical coverage. "We take care of each other's children, we share money and property, and if there's a problem, we discuss it equally. The only thing we don't have equal to a straight couple," Edie points out, "is that we cannot file taxes together and we have to fight for medical rights."

Linda and Edie were monogamous before the wedding, and plan to remain that way. Linda is afraid of sexually transmitted disease and has no interest in sex with other women. Edie prefers the intimacy of a long-term relationship over the rush of a one-time affair.

"I burned out my stuff way back in the '70s when I first came out, long before I got married," she explains. "I like getting to know a person, to be comfortable with them, to sit back and read a book if I want to and know what they're doing in the other room."

Linda and Edie have registered as domestic partners with the city of Berkeley. As in all cities where there is domestic partners registration, there are no direct benefits associated with the registration. What it does is create a paper trail that shows interdependence should it be necessary to prove the relationship.

They decided to officially change their surname to Linda's in court, six months before their wedding, to give them a sense of unity as a family. They chose to use Linda's name because it is well-known in the Oakland real estate community.

"No one questions whether the kids are actually brothers and sister," says Edie. "Our lawyer, a straight man, said, 'Anything else you want to do to try to change society's views a bit, just let me know.'"

These couples are only three of hundreds. There are lesbians who marry after five to ten years together. Some marry with supportive family members present, some in ceremonies officiated by a friend instead of clergy, some before a high priestess. The more that lesbians show that we are "everyone," the more we will break the silence around our existence and the easier it will become for others to speak honestly and make their presence known—whether or not it is to say "I do."

"When couples who aren't married by the standards of the government stand up and say, 'We are a couple, we share our responsibilities just like any other married couple,'" says Edie, "sooner or later somebody high up is going to have to say 'There's enough of them. We've got to realize this is real and they have rights.'" Δ

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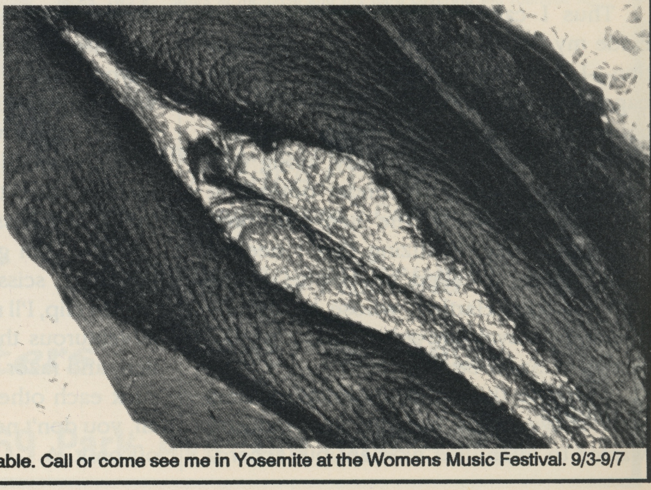

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SEXPOINT *(continued from page 15)*

Gradually the notion of hairiness as a political issue faded. Some women resumed shaving because they felt more comfortable shorn; others did it in defiance of political correctness. Some, who'd learned they liked their hair and/or hated shaving, let it grow. A new generation came along who did whatever they damn well pleased, including shaving their heads. Nonetheless, body hair remains a potent topic, evidenced by the fact that in this issue of our magazine we've got a pictorial of a woman who lets it all hang loose and the reverse, a story about the eroticism of shaving.

About eight years ago I resumed leg shaving on a regular basis. I finally decided that I like the smooth feel of them against each other or a lover. Besides, I absolutely adore the new shaving gels for women—pink and slippery as the inside of a pussy. But I only do my armpits occasionally, and never so far down that deodorant would irritate my skin (the hippie days apparently sensitized me).

Still, body hair is an issue that refuses to die. Once I had resolved the question of my pits and legs, my hair consciousness abruptly turned to my pubic mound. Suddenly, I was appalled by the abundance of curls between my legs: they harbored lint, bits of toilet paper, pussy fluid, urine, and, once a month, clots of blood. God only knew what else might be lurking in the underbrush.

I began by trimming, using a small pair of nail scissors. With my legs spread over the toilet, I clipped and pruned until only a single layer of curls remained. This pleased me greatly; my cunt seemed to like being given more air to breathe. Once you become really attuned to your cunt, you experience it as a living, breathing organism that requires space, air, freedom—and attention.

Thus I came to consider shaving. I made my first attempt with zero information—I simply took a fresh razor out of the bag and hacked away under the shower. I could barely see what I was doing, and ended up with a patchy pussy, along with several nicks along my tender outer lips. For days afterwards, the itch and burn drove me crazy. Realizing that I needed some advice, I called upon one of the experts—Nina Hartley, whose beautifully trimmed pussy I had admired during the filming of *Suburban Dykes*.

I used to think the reason porn stars were shaven was because the industry wanted to infantilize women, but according to Hartley, "It's an 80s phenomenon, and the purpose is purely to make the genitalia more visible." Hartley, a pussy-lover herself, likes shaven cunts because then "I can see all the differences among them."

Hartley prefers an electric shaver to a razor, but admits that her fair, feathery hair gives her an advantage—she doesn't have to "go all the way" in her shaving. She says that with a Lady Norelco she doesn't develop razor bumps or itching, and, most importantly, avoids the possibility of cuts. But most women in the industry, she says, use a blade in the shower. They do so every single day, notes Hartley, to avoid developing itchy stubble. One woman uses olive oil as a lubricant.

According to several women who perform in *Red Board Shaving*, a fetishistic video, the way to avoid nicks, not to mention those unsightly red dots, is to shave towards the center, rinse the razor frequently, and use aftershave lotion. But Hartley feels it's an individual matter, "a process of trial and error. It depends on the woman, on the contours of her thighs, the shape of her lips. Each woman has to learn what works for her."

Is being clean-shaven a turn on?

"The first time it was," says Hartley. "You feel more naked, you feel different underneath your clothes. You're more aware of your genitalia, and naturally that makes you feel sexier."

She also says that for a partner, the unobstructed view and the prospect of not having to deal with hair in the mouth makes the pussy "more lickable, more suckable."

At this point I wanted to jump into the shower with my razor and give it another go, but Hartley cautioned that the novelty of a bare pussy quickly fades. "The first time you shave it feels incredible. Hair gives us protection from friction, and so without it the genitals are more sensitive at first. But if you shave all the time, you get used to it. It's not a big event anymore. And because of the upkeep I can't see why anyone who's not in the business would want to make it a regular thing."

For those who want less hair for hygienic, cosmetic, or sexual reasons, Hartley recommends trimming, using a pair of three-inch scissors.

Thus, I'm going back to standing over the toilet, scissors in hand. But this time, while I clip, I'll read about some dykes more adventurous than I, who've braved nicks, itch, and razor bumps in order to fuck and suck each other "Absolutely Naked." After all, you don't necessarily have to do it to get off on it. Δ

ABSOLUTELY NAKED *(from page 29)*

I'm surprised by her request; her natural armpits are a turn-on for me. She sees I'm confused, so she points to the soft mound between her legs. "Here," she says.

It isn't something I've considered before, but the idea becomes more and more appealing as I reach for the can of shaving cream and the heavy razor. Sue has already prepared the bed with thick towels to protect the sheets and placed a bowl of warm water on the table. She lies down and spreads her legs. I can't resist a final kiss on those sweet, hairy lips.

I begin by cutting the hair as close as possible with a small pair of scissors. Sue has long, bushy hair, and as her cunt emerges I realize I have never seen it this close up. She obviously enjoys the feel of the cold scissors against her warm flesh, and I'm getting more turned on.

I admit I rub the thick cream over her pussy more than is absolutely necessary; I love the way it feels. She purrs deep in her throat and moves toward my hand. When I'm finished, a few black curls poke sharply through the cream, like porcupines buried under a fresh snowfall. I'm still naked. My hand strays to my own pussy for a moment; I push against my clit, and the sharp pleasant wave starts between my legs and races up my spine.

I warm the razor in the water. While I'm actually shaving her, I don't think about sex at all; my only concern is the difficult task—getting all of the spiky hairs, pulling her skin tight so that the razor doesn't cut her. But when I sit up and rinse the razor clean, the sight of her completely naked skin leaves me breathless, and it takes a moment to compose myself enough to finish the job.

When I'm done I wipe the last of the cream away. Sue asks for a mirror and lies there for a while examining her shaven pussy. I can wait no longer; I push the mirror away and lean down.

It's like experiencing a whole new kind of sex. I spend a long time just running my tongue over the area I've shaved, feeling her smooth lips and lovely mound. There's still a sharp smell of perfumed shaving cream, but as she warms to my touch, it's overpowered by her own aroma.

"Let me shave you," she says. I'm so intrigued by her hairless pussy that I agree immediately. She lays me down on the towel and performs the same operation, cutting with the scissors, rubbing in the lather.

I lie perfectly still as her fingers guide the razor. It's dangerous work, and even though I trust her, I'm waiting apprehensively for

the rude steel to nick me. It doesn't, but the tension adds to my excitement.

My naked legs are nothing compared to this. When she's finished, I explore myself with my fingers, feeling a part of me I've never really known before. I am totally nude, completely vulnerable.

When her tongue touches me I'm on fire. It's as if in the past she's been eating me through my underwear, and now they're gone. Like me, Sue spends a long time on my newly-shaven skin, and I sigh with each lingering kiss. She's teasing me. I love it.

I can feel every tiny move of her tongue, even the difference between the hot wetness when she laps at me and the cooler pointed motions when she uses just the tip. Without the protective hair, the contact is so direct that when she bears down on me, the sensation is almost too much. I have to learn sex all over again.

Sue replaces her tongue with her hand; her skillful fingers dance over my shaven lips as she moves up my body. We kiss for the longest time, our hands in each other's cunts. I can't believe how beautiful her smooth flesh feels. She moans into my mouth when my fingertips press on the swollen button of her slit.

Eventually she turns around and gets on top of me. We always love 69, but this time it's especially pleasurable. I feel like a virgin as I bury my tongue in Sue's wet flower, and shivers run through me as she applies herself to mine.

She is, as always, honey-sweet, and I delve. I know her well—when she's close to orgasm I hold back to make it last longer. Three times I do this, until finally I concentrate my whole being on her clit. This is tough to do when she's just as eagerly going at me, but I do succeed: her orgasm is long, loud, drawn-out, trembling, wet.

She uses both her tongue and her fingers on me until I come too. The fire builds between my legs and in my belly until I can no longer control it, and it races the length of my body, causing my arms and legs and even the ends of my fingers to tingle and burn. She's good, very good, and she knows it. She plays me like an instrument; I'm helpless in her hands. When the last shudders subside I am completely drained, gasping for breath; I don't have enough strength to lift up my hands.

We lie together in each other's arms. My hand moves down to cup her smooth pussy, still burning hot; I love the feel of her, the new feel of me, both of us completely, absolutely naked under the blankets.

She tells me about an article she has read on erotic piercing. I hold her tightly, and listen very carefully. Δ

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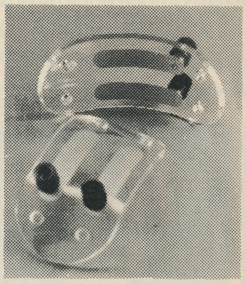

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A concave oval of lexan with 2 electrode strips. Designed to stimulate the lips of the vagina, also works well anywhere on the body (below the waist, of course!)
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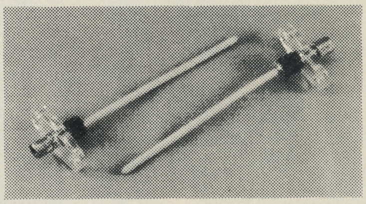

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A short length of conductive rubber (approx. 6'' long by 1/8'' diam). Can be used in any moist opening below the waist. Caution! This one delivers quite a jolt!
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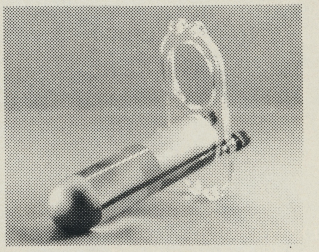

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CLIT CULTURE *(continued from page 11)*

Violence, precisely the kind that outrages some gay men—namely, female violence—was very much a part of the lesbian feature films. This was not the glossy, stylized violence of *Swoon,* but gritty violence in a political context. Lesbian cinema, of course, isn't simply a visual menu of sexual images: it also grapples with the harsh realities of frustrated desires, the pain of rape, and the need to see race, class, gender, and sexuality as intertwined. *A Place of Rage*, by Pratibha Pramar, was a documentary featuring Angela Davis, June Jordan, and Alice Walker, all of whom articulated a kind of muted violence in their desire for change. Similarly, the brilliant 1980 film, *Times Square,* revived by guest curator Jenni Olsen, honed in on a fantasy of sexual and physical female power. Although there is evidence, Olsen suggested, of the suppression of overt lesbian material within the scripting of the film, *Times Square* still comes across as a powerful narrative. It's about two young girls, a punk and an heiress, who run off to New York and wage war upon middle-class heterosexual complacency by ritualistically throwing televisions off rooftops. The revival of *Times Square*, along with the1983 classic *Born In Flames,* suggests that there is a lost tradition of lesbian film—images of revolt and autonomous sexuality that lend historical context to the new wave of exciting, perverse, and often violent visual imagery.

One film in particular that represents the future of this new wave was the Austrian *Flaming Ears*. In this extraordinary film, directed by Angela Hans Scheirl, Dietmar Schipek, and Ursula Purrer, the future *is* lesbian. Set in the year 2700 in the town of Aschee where a peculiar band of lesbian characters live out a strange subcultural existence, this was the hottest film I saw all week. The sex was bizarre and almost unfamiliar, spliced with ritualistic violence like vampirism. In one scene in a sex club, a performer donned a belt from which a cock and balls hung like perverse windchimes. The woman then suspended herself from parallel bars, her hands and ankles gripping the bars at either end while the dildo ornament swung between her thighs and two women began touching her.

Is the world ready for such real lesbian films—as opposed to the pseudo-lesbian images of features like *Fried Green Tomatoes?* Probably not, but they prove that, ready or not, lesbians are becoming more and more visible. We are sexy and dangerous, queer and enraged. We are on film and video and possibly TV, and coming soon to a theater near you. Δ

ASK FANNY *(continued from page 9)*

The notion of a unified female sex organ renders irrelevant the conventional debates among Freud, Kinsey, feminists, and Masters and Johnson about which is the appropriate female sexual center—the tip of the clitoris or the vagina. Look out! They are both parts of one whole. As such, female sexuality becomes far larger and more powerful than previously allowed. When women are no longer anatomically fragmented, our sexuality cannot be influenced by one polemic or another. Our cunts become whole, no longer divided into a tiny nerve center and a cavernous, mysterious interior. The effects on a woman's sexual self-image and self-esteem when all of her sexual parts become defined and freed from male-dominated control are immeasurable. Get to know your sex organ in all its delicate complexities and you will own an important and sorely neglected part of yourself. You will discover she is vastly more intricate than the term "Down There" begins to describe.

Lack of political control of and personal familiarity with our unified sex organ has rendered it ripe for abuse. Ejaculation has been misdiagnosed as urinary stress incontinence, and has been surgically treated by cutting into our G-spot. Electroshock, that good ol' 50s fad, was also used as a cure for USI. Episiotomies, in which surgery is performed on the vaginal opening to facilitate childbirth, cuts into the perineal sponge of the clitoris. This "slash and burn without a clue" approach to surgical procedures involving women's sexual anatomy exists precisely because the "missing piece" of our clitoris has not been acknowledged.

Urinary stress incontinence is 80% curable through simple exercise of the muscles that support the pelvic region, called the pubococcygeus, or PC muscles. Lack of awareness of these muscles can cause them to be either out of shape or tense. Out of shape pc muscles can cause difficulty in childbirth, inability to achieve orgasm, displaced internal organs, and urinary stress incontinence. Tense muscles, which can be triggered by a negative sexual event such as rape, molestation, or shame, can cause severe menstrual cramps, vaginal and urinary tract infections, vaginal dryness, and lower back pain. What needs to be a free pelvic area for physical health and sexual energy to flow is often frozen. This has become acutely apparent to me while teaching "How to Strip for your Lover" classes, where I see women having difficulty doing a simple bump and grind. When coached to stick their fannies out,

their beet-red faces reveal intense sexual shame.

The other part of our sex organs that women are usually unfamiliar with connect to and stimulate the clitoris: the pudendal and the pelvic nerves. One of the most powerful nerves in our bodies, the pelvic nerve is connected just below the area of the spine that serves the solar plexus, and plays a major role in stimulating deep, tantric-type orgasms. This nerve connects to the G-spot area, but not to the tip of our clitoris. Because of the complexity of our sex organ and the muscles and nerves that support it, women are capable of a wide range of sexual responses. Becoming familiar with our bodies and developing these responses expands the sexual repertoire available to us. Our communication with ourselves as well as with our partners is greatly enhanced. Our sexual voices gain strength.

Be forewarned! Female ejaculation will be vehemently denied, and even by some very persuasive feminist voices. Carol Tavris, for example, in *The Mismeasure of Woman,* argued that the G-spot is a patriarchal tool invented to make women feel sexually insecure. Well, I beg to differ: it is time for feminist ideology to recognize that the expansion of our sexuality is central to our liberation. Consider the revolutionary idea that ***a woman's sex organ is similar in size and function to the male's!*** Our clitoris is actually relatively similar in size, has erectile tissue, and the equivalent of a prostate gland. She gets erect and ejaculates.

I compare our sex organ to a man's not to make women into men, but so that we can understand in simple, graphic terms this new view of ourselves. Society cannot accept female ejaculation precisely because it makes men and women equal.

Female ejaculation was first depicted in the best selling book, *The G-spot,* which was subsequently panned as another "performance-oriented gimmick." Dr. Perry, one of the book's authors, now regrets the Madison Avenue decision to market the book as such. Perceiving ejaculation as a performance-oriented goal is not the point; in fact, the point isn't whether you ejaculate or not. The point is to understand the makeup and complexities of our sex organ, and to experience the rise in self-esteem that accompanies greater self-understanding. Performance anxiety can run high, and anti-ejaculationists will exploit it to distract us from learning more about our bodies. They will divert us into debating the wrong questions with the anxious cry, "Now we all ***have*** to ejaculate!" The truth is that ejaculation can be invidividually controlled, but so far, it's only been controlled by the whore/madonna ideology, not personal choice.

This new, unfragmented view of our sex organ has occurred precisely because knowledge of women's bodies, and female ejaculation in particular, is finally in women's hands. During the last decade, women have begun to take control over other parts of their sexuality as well, by asserting their voice in erotic entertainment, demanding quality and aesthetics in erotic goods and services, and introducing topics related to female sexuality into academic discussions and professional research. The feminist principle of empowerment through self-knowledge has been well-documented. Lesbians understand that their right to choose who they will fuck is inextricably bound to the right of all women to control their bodies. Current leadership in the area of women's sexuality is decidedly lesbian and 100% feminist.

Radical change is upon us, and, as with the first whispers of feminism, some women have immediately embraced the concept of female ejaculation as speaking to their own experience or inner truth; others will try it and gradually come to like it; still others will resist the opportunity to expand their sexual horizons to the grave. But make no mistake about it: woman's clitoris, like woman's role, has been expanded and redefined. The fragmented parts of our sex organ are, like women's lives, being unified. The empty spaces that have represented women's sexual anatomy in medical textbooks have, like women's choices, been explored, documented, and named. The misconceptions, stereotypes, and abuses to our sexual health and pleasure caused by the repression of our ejaculatory capabilities are, like the abuses inherent in the oppression of women as second-class citizens, being exposed.

Those who fight or trivialize this new view of our sex organ and its capabilities will, like the anti-feminists, be steadfastly rebuked. Information about female ejaculation is now in women's hands. Like women's voices, our sexual growth and control over our bodies will not be silenced. Δ

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Alice Kahn Ladas, Beverly Whipple, John D. Perry.
Dell Publishing, New York, NY 1982.

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Seeks luscious femmes, especially Asians, who desire to be ravished & dominated. Loves leather, death rock, black lace, erotic piercings, tattoos, moonlit orgies, and frenzied dancing. Anything to please a lady. No Bi's. ☎ 1382

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Short, curvacious femme, 32, seeks butch who can take me & be taken. I've always wanted to do it on a motorcycle. Interested? Motorcycle optional. ☎ 1385

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SEATTLE BUTCH SEEKS FEMME
Strikingly gorgeous butch seeks beautiful lipstick femme to spoil & love in return for her desire to possess me. Yes Ma'am, your pleasure is mine. ☎ 1369

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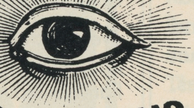

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EAST COAST ROMANCE
26 yr old passionate, brown eyed NJ resident not thoroughly informed on Butch or Femme but I know what I like. Looking for that special someone to share everything from a moonlit beach to a bite of a juicy peach. ☎ 1348

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN WOMYN
Seeks womyn with brains, good looks, financially & emotionally secure—must love nature, passion & humor. Will do almost anything with or for the right womyn. Have a dolphin tattoo, show me yours, I'll show you mine. ☎ 1343

LOOKING FOR LOVE
Seeking a large butch black lesbian to be my teacher—I'll be your student. You must be patient and kind with a sense of humor. I'm a shy 33 GWF with a smile. ☎ 1342

SEXY SOUTHWESTERN SWITCH
Explicit language excite you? Tall, educated lesbian bottom/switch seeks warm heart & flaming bed. Friendships, fantasy play. Telephone fun, meeting if agreeable. Very attentive to right woman. Expressedly sensual, seeking same. ☎ 1340

NYC BI SEEKS ADVENTURES
Seeking beautiful, dominant, playmate(s) for erotic experiences. I love threesomes. No strings, just hot fun. ☎ 1345

SARCASTIC CYNIC
Northern NJ, Red hair/lipstick, 30, femme. Want androgynous/femme. Good: cigarettes, tall, funny, smart, above-average looks, unpretentious. Bad: drugs/drink, p.c. rules, stereotypes, snobs. Must love Howard Stern and Madonna. No racists. Photo essential. ✍ 903

DEAF BUT SEXY
26, sensuous femme, deaf but as good at kissing as at reading lips, seeks soft butches, femme bottoms, just sexy women to share time, candlelit baths and more. Photo required. ✍ 907

LOST IN MILWAUKEE
Rescue me! Tall, attractive, warm, bright, Euro-Am femme professional. Outdoors/arts interests. Seeking pretty, well read, sexy, affectionate femme, 25-50, for fun, romance, relationship. No tobacco, drugs, excessive alcohol, heavy s/m. Voting for Susie Bright for President. ✍ 908

LONG TERM ROMANCE
Butch, 38, seeks femme bottom with a child for long term relationship. Must be under 5'4". I'm self conscious about my height of 5'3". Must be white, healthy, faithful, and willing to relocate to PA. ✍ 902

LOOKING FOR LOVE
GWF, 30, trains thoroughbred racehorses in Maryland. Looking for that special woman with whom to share life and love. No drugs or s/m. Don't know about butch/femme—I just love women. Please call! ☎ 1321

GWF 44 SEEKS SAME
Dominant femme strange enough to take me and smart enough to handle soft butch. ☎ 1332

TECHNO HIPPIE HYPERDYKE
Craving intense mountain top sex with blonde, preppy, femme dyke, 20-30. Must dance, sweat, hike, enjoy road trips, converse with wit & intelligence. Warning: tattoos make me drool uncontrollably. NC-GA mountain region. ☎ 1319

WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED?
Female gentleman would be pleased to squeeze your peaches, shake your tree, eat your crumpets, drink your tea. I'm quixotic; like candlelight dinners, slow dancing, conversation. Am 29, 5'10", athletic. Where art thou? ☎ 1324

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Seeks big bad top to train this cute bad-assed submissive. Literacy, attractiveness, endearing required. Prove to me I should kneel before you and my will is yours. Correspondence welcome, marriage not required. ☎ 1058

TALL, BLONDE, KINKY
Spend a weekend in my secluded MD playroom. Spend the rest of your life masturbating to the memory. Cigarettes, booze, warped humor—Great Politics & whining—Bullshit! ☎ 1038

BLACK TOP SEEKS SASSY FEMME
Black lesbian, 33, attractive, androgynous/butch, mostly top seeks black sassy femme bottom for occasional hot, raunchy sex &/or regular companion for local clubs & events. ☎ 1344

KINKY SUBMISSIVE LOVES PAIN
Kinky bisexual bottom needs dominant female(s) for very hot, nasty erotic correspondence. Meetings possible. I'm real. Share your fantasies and experiences and let's create a few of our own. Boston area. ☎ 1055

DOMINANT SEDUCTRESS
Tall, blonde, voluptuous Mistress, 30 yrs, seeks submissive slut for strict slave training. I am beautiful, cruel and demanding. Surrender yourself to this sexy, bitch Goddess. All humble pleas, and neophytes considered. Phoenix, Az. ☎ 1056

CLOSET FEMME SEEKS MASTER
(Daddy, teacher, lover et. al.) For long overdue release from self imposed prison, and exploration of life-long secret fantasies! I am a 35 year old woman, currently residing in a south suburb of Chicago. And, I would like very much to meet a HOT "take charge dyke", who knows who she is and what she wants. If you think you have the insight to see past my tomboyish tendencies to the "lady" that longs to be freed... the strength and determination to "break my spirit," and to mold me into the woman of your dreams... the patience and understanding to teach me to surrender myself to you wholly and completely... If you are secure enough to be tender & loving, yet strong enough to be "firm"... Then you are the woman I have dreamed of for the last 15 years! Please write soon and release me from this vanilla hell! A picture and a phone number guarantees a return call. ✍ 906

BODY WORSHIP
Command me to satisfy you, while I remain a virgin. I get down on my knees for flannel shirts, boxer shorts, construction boots. Verbal abuse &/or Water sports a plus. Your photo gets my response Ma'am. ✍ 905

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Bay Area Dyke wants to connect with lesbians sporting yellow hankies nationwide. Want to do more than just dream about getting drenched by wild women? Let's connect and make it a reality! ☎ 1053

CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS
Femme, 40, plump, completely new to s/m, seeks leatherdyke for elegant violence. Intelligent top required; monosyllabic types need not apply. Motorcycle optional but nice. Whip my desire with lurid letter...✍ 901

THOROUGHLY TWISTED
Enough to take any butch in hand. Not the domination you'd expect, but more, perhaps, than you've hoped. Dark-haired NY top wants to test her will on you. ☎ 1033

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L.A. Daddy seeks bright, bratty Daddy's girl for romance. Equal parts punishment and tenderness. Premium placed on warmth, loyalty and an impudent attitude. L.A.-based, but frequent travel to S.F. ☎ 1234

MIAMI GIRL NEEDS TOP
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Ex-dominant, top, now submissive slave seeks Goddess to adore, worship, and make the rules. Be under 37 and attractive and feminine. Know what you want, when you want it and you'll have my undivided attention. ☎ 1026

SAN DIEGO/LA AREA
GWF 37 femme, submissive, seeks patient, firm teacher for initiation into s/m. Train me to be your fantasy. I want to worship you. Physical attractiveness, intelligence, strength, discretion a must. Hurt me, please. ☎ 1032

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CLASSY & ELEGANT BISEXUAL
Happy and professional East Bay white 40 year old seeking similar secure 30-45 year old for friendship and possible relationship. I love femininity, heels, lingerie, the beach, and subtle elegance; have a wide variety of interest. ✍ 909

TALK TO ME
Imaginative bisexual Bay Area woman seeks hot & raucous phone companion. Poetic & raunchy details a plus. Call with your best days & times for a date. ☎ 1221

BISEXUAL DESIRES SENSUAL FEMME
Tall, attractive, educated, in the East Bay seeks friendship & sensual relationship with another of same interests between 35-45 years. I enjoy fine wine & food, elegant lingerie, casual talk, swimming & the beach. ☎ 1009

WILL TRAVEL / CORRESPOND

PEN PAL DOWN UNDER
Do you read fiction and have a sense of humour? Professional writer, 30s, shy femme, would be charmed to exchange letters with you. Perhaps we could also meet on my annual visits to your country. ✍ 914

S.F. INGENUE SEEKS CONTACTS/ CRASH PADS DOWN UNDER
Budding journalist, bitchy feminist on 6 month vision quest seeks Aussie "mates" to acclimate her to foreign habitat and local brews. Write to influence my itinerary. *(Mail to Australia requires 95c postage)* ✍ 904

HELLO?
Anyone out there with a passion for movies, music, or books? Scandinavian film student, 26, soft butch, intelligent, stable, witty, & not bad looking would love to hear from dykes with humour & brains. *(postage to Sweden is 95c)* ✍ 900

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Attractive 30 yr. old professional—smart, great humour, very normal, seeks attractive women for friendship/fun. Are you 25-35, smart, witty, professional, clean? I like large breasts, lingerie, more. No butches, please. Want to meet to talk and maybe play? ✍ 913

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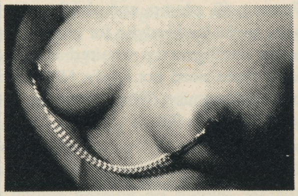
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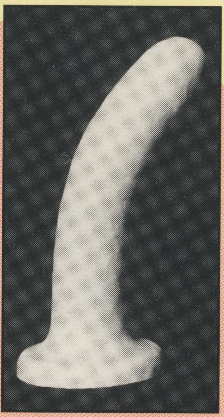

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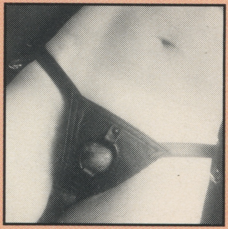

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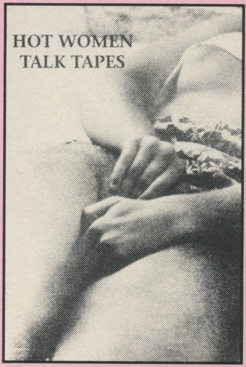

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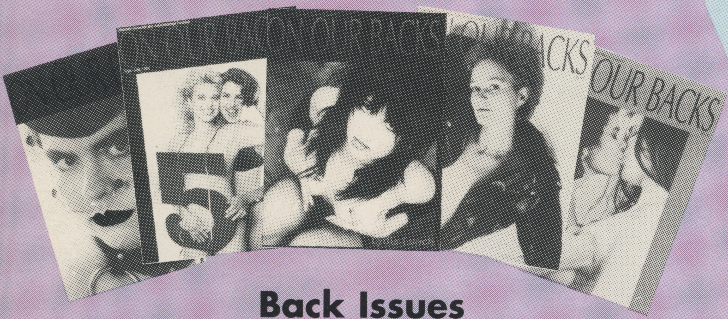

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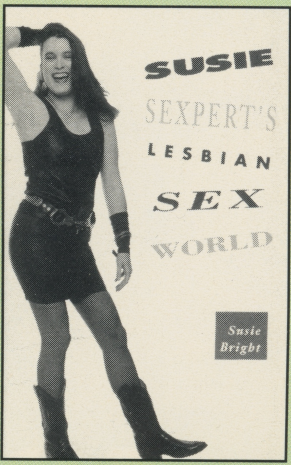

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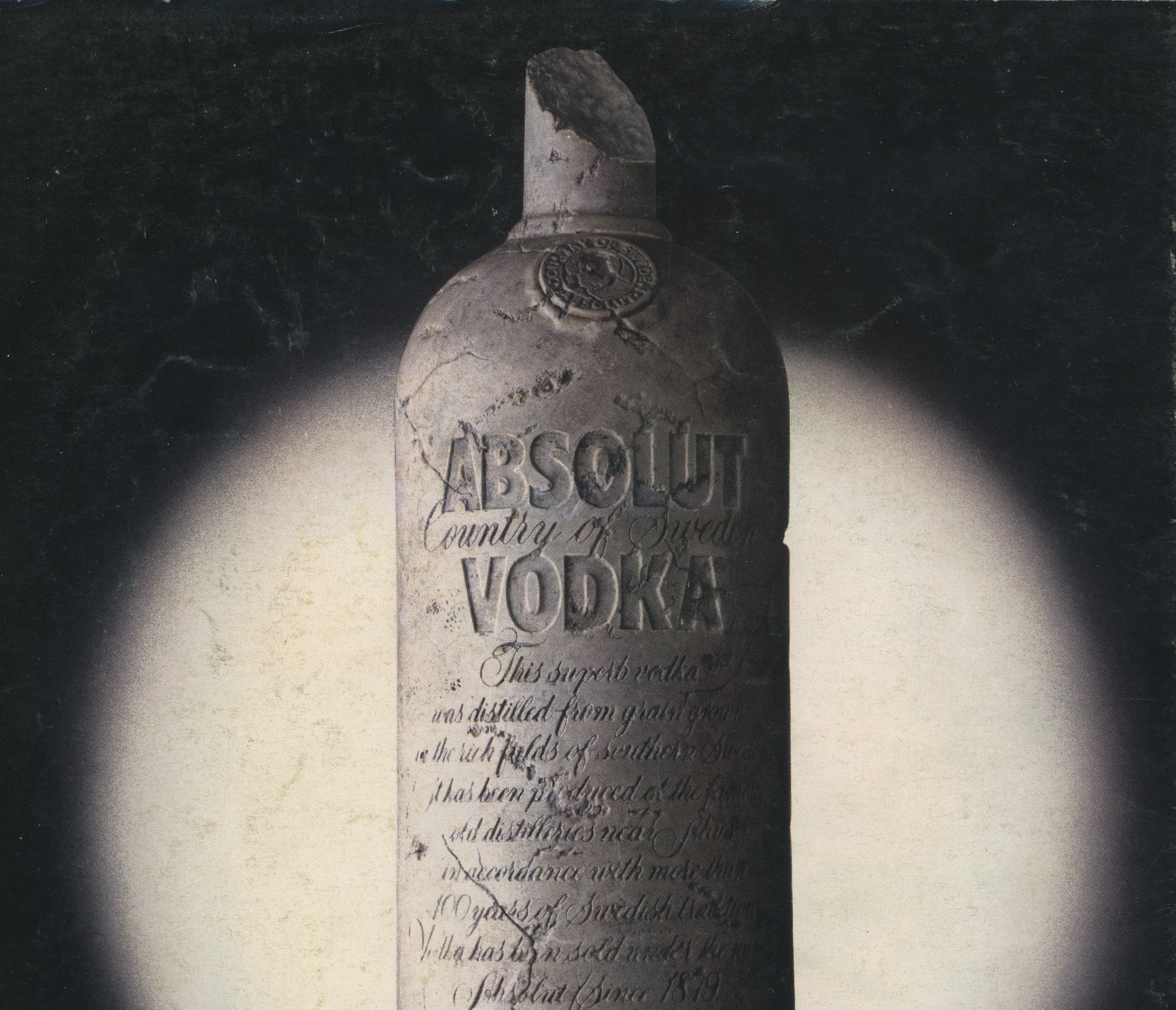

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